

Rome.



OVIDS TRISTIA

Containinge fiue Bookes
of mournfull Elegies which hee
Sweetly composed in the midst of his
aduersitie, while hee liu'd in
Tomos a Cittie of Pontus
where hee dyed after seauen
yeares Banishment
from Rome.

Translated into English by W. S.
Veniam pro laude peto

London Printed for Fra: Croue and are to
bee sold at his Shopp on Snowe hill
neere the Sarazens head. 1637.

J. Cecil

cully

In Pontus
D. D. Banishment



TO
The Honourable
and worthy of honour
by Desert, Sr. *Kenelm*
Digbye Knight.

Sir



Our generous minde
framed by nature to
vertue and vertuous
actions, is so well
known to Souldiers
and Schollers, that as *Mars* gives
you Bayes, so the *Muses* doe give
you Bookes. The considerati-
on whereof hath emboldned
me (though a stranger) to offer

*Quis er-
go gene-
rosus ?
Ad vir-
tutem be-
ne a na-
tura com-
positus.
Sen. Lib.
5. Ep. 44.*

The Epistle

to your protection this translation of *Ovids* Elegies, who I think was even rockt in his cradle by the Muses, and fed with Sugar and Helliconian water, which made him have so sweete a veine of Poetry. So that the name of *Ovid* is a sufficient commendation for any worke of his, if my English can but like the Eccho, send backe the soft Musicke of his lines. And indeede if he write best of love that hath beene in love; and that there is a certaine *εὐεργεσία* or efficacie in his words that feeles the affection; I doubt not but my owne sorrow hath learnt me how to translate *Ovids* sorrow. For I confesse I was never in Fortunes books, and therefore am not much indebted to her, neither doe I care for her frownes; but I am greeved for one who is my brother in mis-
fortune

Dedictory.

fortune, who is *exul in patria*, being enforced to let that skill and experience which he hath gotten abroad in maraine affaires, and which hath beene approved of both by the English and Dutch nations in severall long voyages, lye dead in him for want of employment which is the life of practicall knowledg: and though he must be compelled by his present fates to accept of the employment of forraine nations, yet if a way might be opened unto him he is more willing (as he is bound by duty) to serve his native King and Countrey, which desire of his I know your generous disposition cannot but cherish, and approve of my love towards him. This booke *Ovid* sent to the City of *Rome* as appeares by the first verse, *Parve nec invideo*, &c. and I am now to send it forth into a

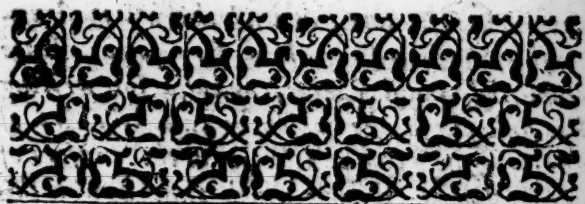
The Epistle, &c.

Citty abounding with Critticks,
and therefore it desires your wor-
thy patronage and defence; for
which (if *Ovid* lived) he would
make his fluent Muse expresse his
thankfulnessse: But I for any fa-
vour which you shall shew unto
this translation, must acknow-
ledge my selfe bound unto your
vertue, which I wish may shine
forth in prosperous actions, untill
your fame bee equall to *Cæsars*
who banisht *Ovid*.

The Servant of your

Vertues,

W. SALTONSTALL



To the Reader.

IT is now growne a common custome to seeke thy good will by an Epistle, and therein to move thy affection to be favourable to the present worke, wherein I neede not bestow any great paines, for this is a translation of Ovids last booke which he writ in banishment; and therefore if you would set before your eyes the present estate wherein he then lived, it would exceedingly move your pittie towards him. Imagine that you saw Ovid in the Land of Pontus, where he whose companie was so much desired, was now banisht from all companie; he that was once the Darling of the Muses, now made the subject of miserie; he that dranke choyse wines, now drinkes spring water; he that wore a wreath of Bayes, now weares a wreath of Cypresse: and to conclude, he that was once so famous, was now
as

To the Reader.

as much unfortunate, and all this was most unworthily inflicted on him for some offence committed against Cæsar, and also for writing that unhappy booke which he called the Art of love; for these two he accuses as the causers of his banishment; during which time he writ this last booke entituling it his Tristium, because it contained his sorrow: And lastly consider, that after he had written this booke, having diverse times sought to be repealed from banishment, and despairing of any mercy from Cæsar, he at last dyed in the seventh yeare of his banishment, from Rome, the Muses, together with Venus and a hundred little Cupids being mourners at his funerall. If therefore you ever loved the sweetenesse of Ovids veine, or if the consideration of his sufferance in banishment, his want, his griefes, his afflictions, and lastly his death in a barbarous land can move your pittie and compassion, I doubt not but you will shew much love and affection to these Elegies even for Ovids sake, whose compositions were so sweete and fluent that his verses did runne like a smooth streame fed by the spring of the Muses, so that he could hardly speake but in the manner of a verse, for so he testifies of himselfe: Quicquid conabor dicere versus erit. Now for my selfe, I have put these Elegies of Ovids into an English

To the Reader.

lish mourning habit, with a Frontispice to give thee a cleere view of Ovids miserie, and to make thy heart more apt to receive a deeper impression of his sorrow, that seeing how unworthily he was dealt withall, thou mayst both pitty Ovid and love this worke of his, which is all I desire.

Thine

W. S.



Angelus Politianus his Epi-
gram on the banishment
and death of *Ovid*.

THe *Romane* Poet lies in the *Euxine* shore,
And barbarous earth the Poet covers o're:
Him that did write of love that land doth hide,
Through which the *Isters* colder streame doth glide.
And wert not asham'd to be (*O Rome*)
More cruell than the *Getes* to such a sonnet?
Oh *Muses*, while he sicke in *Scythia* lay,
Who was there that his sicknesse could allay?
Or keepe his cold limbes in the bed by force,
Or passe away the day with some discourse?
Or that could feede his pulse when it did beate,
Or apply to him warme things to cherish heate?
Or close his eyes even swimming round with death,
And in his mouth receive his latest breath?
There were none, for his ancient friends then were
In thee *O Rome*, from *Pontus* distant farre.
His Wife and Nephewes were farre off together
His daughter went not with her banisht father.
The *Bessi* and *Coralli* were in these parts,
And the skin-wearing *Getes* with stony hearts.
The *Sarmatians* riding on his horse was there,
To comfort him with looks that dreadfull were.
Yet when he was dead, the *Bessi* wept, the *Gete*,
And stout *Sarmatians* did their faces beate.

Woods,

Verses, &c.

Woods, mountaines, beasts, a mourning day did keepe,
And *Isters* pearly streame they say did weepe.
Some say that frozen *Pontus* did begin
To melt, with teares of Sea-nymphes shed for him.
Light *Cupids* with their mother *Venus* ranne,
And with torches set the funcrall pile on flame:
And while his body did consume and burne,
They put his ashes in a closed Vrne:
And on his Tombe-stone these words graven were,
He that did teach the Art of love lyes here.
Then *Venus* with her white hand did bedew
His grave, while she sweete Nectar on him threw.
The Muses brought their Poet many a verse,
Which I am farre unworthy to rehearse.

Julius Scaligers Verses on Ovid, wherein he maketh Ovid speake to *Augustus*.

I Would thy cruelty had in me begunne,
Nor by murders steps to ruine me hadst come.
If my wanton youth did move thy discontent,
Thou mayst condemne thy selfe to banishment.
For such foule deedes thy private roomes doe staine,
That men condemned ne're did at the same.
Could nor my wit, nor gentleneffe thee restraine,
Nor sweete tongue second to *Apello's* vaine?
My straine hath made the ancient Poets soft,
And to the new the waight of things hath rought.
I then did lye when as I praysed thee,
For this my banishment was deserv'd by me.

Umbra

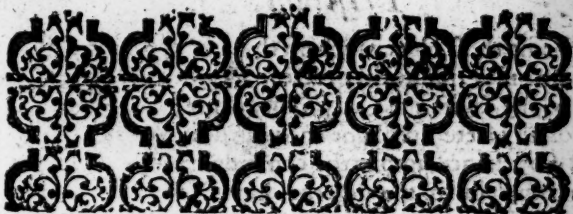
Umbra Ouidii,

OR

Ovids Ghost.

WHEN I did live I got the wreath of Bayes,
From other Poets in my younger dayes:
And soone my fame through all the world was knowne,
while Ovid onely was esteem'd at Rome.
But then at last as I did raise my fame
By verse, so from my verse my ruine came.
By an error I great Cæsars wrath did move,
And then by writing of the Art of Love:
For which two faultis by Cæsar I was sent,
To the Ponticke land to live in Banishment.
I endeavour'd still to be repeal'd from hence,
But Cæsar would not pardon my offence.
Thus seaven yeares I in banishment did spend,
Untill by death my sorrowes had an end.
And then my Soule to Charons boate did goe,
Who unto Ovid did much kindnesse shew:
And row'd me straight to the Elysian fields,
Which unto happy soules such pleasure yeelds.
Where now I live, and every day converse
With ghosts of Lovers who my lines rehearse:
And for my sake sweete Garlands are compos'd,
Of Lillies mingled with the crimson Rose:
Which they doe give me, whereby to explaine,
How lovers once did love sweete Ovids vaine.
And now at Last it joyes my ghost to see,
The World doth still preserve my memorie.
And that my sorrowes they translated have,
And have not buried them within my grave,
For which my Ghost unto the world gives thanks,
In these words writ on the Elysian bankes.

Elegies themselves as much indebted know
To us, as Heroickes did to Virgill owe.



*In this Elegie at large
Ovid gives his booke a charge,
To see Rome, and gives direction
How with time to varie action.*

ELEGIE. I.

MY little Booke, the City thou shalt see;
Woe's me, thy master may not go with thee;
Goe, but undrest, and seeing thou art mine,
Put on a habite like unto the time.
Be not clothed with the Hyacinths purple iuyce;
Such colours are in mourning out of use.
Paint not thy title with vermillion dye,
To draw unto thee every gazing eye;
No oyle of Cedar to thy leaves allow,
Nor weare white corners on thy sable browe:
Such Ornaments may happie bookes invest:
But be thou like unto my fortune drest,
Thy forehead with no pumice stone make faire:
But come thou forth with loose and ragged haire.

Tristium.

Nor shame those blots which on thy face appeares ;
For some may thinke they were made with my teares.
Goe booke, salute the Citty in my name,
For on thy secte I will goe backe againe ;
And if by chance among the common crew,
Some mindefull of me aske thee how I doe ?
Returne this answer, tell them that I live,
And that my God this life doth freely give.
But if they more doe seeke, then silent be,
And speake not that should not be read in thee.
Then the angry reader will repeate my fault,
While by the people I am guilty thought.
Defend me not though they my fault repear,
An ill cause by defence is made more great.
Some thou shalt finde will sigh, 'cause I am gone,
And reade these verses with wet cheekes alone :
Who often wishes, Cæsar would but please,
Some lighter punishment might his vwrath appease.
And I doe pray he may ne're wretched be,
That wishes Cæsar thus should pittie me.
But may his wishes come to passe, that I
At last may in my native country dye.
But booke, I know, thou shalt receive much blame,
And be thought inferiour unto *Ovids* vaine :
Yet every judge the time and matter weighes ;
The time considered, thou deservest praise.
Smooth verses from a quiet minde doe flow :
My rimes are overcast with suddaine woe.
Verses require much leasure and sweere ease,
But I am tost by winds, and angry Seas.
Verses were never made in feare, while I
Doe looke each minute by the sword to dye.
So that an equall judge may well approve
These lines of mine, and reade them with much love.

Had

Lib. I.

Had *Homer* beene distress'd so many wayes;
It would his sharpe discerning wit amaze.
Then booke be carelesse of all idle fame;
For to displease thy reader, is no shame,
Since fortune hath not so kind to me beene,
That thou their idle praise shouldst so esteeme:
When I was happy, I did covet fame,
And had a great desire to get a name.
But now both verse and study I doe hate,
Since they have brought me to this banisht state:
Yet goe my booke, thee in my place I assigne,
And would to God I could not call thee mine.
Though as a stranger thou dost come to Rome,
Thou canst not to the people come unknowne:
Hadst thou no title, yet thy sable hew,
If thou deny me, will thy author shew.
Yet enter secretly, least some disdain
My verse, which is not now esteem'd by fame.
And if by chance some when they heare me nam'd;
Doe cast thee by out of their scornfull hand,
Tell them that I doe teach no rules of love,
That worke was long since punisht from above.
Perhaps thou dost imagine thou art sent,
To *Caesars* Court, which is not my intent:
Aspire not thou unto those seates divine,
From whence the Thunder did on me decline.
Though once the Gods more favourable were,
Yet now their just deserved wrath I feare.
The fearefull Dove once stricke, still after springs,
When she doth heare the Haukes large spreading wings;
And from the fold the Lambe dare uever stray,
That from the Wolfe hath gotten once away.
Nor would young *Phaethon* desire to drive
His fathers steeds, if he were now alive.

Tristium.

So having left great Loves devouring flame,
I am afraid I should be stricke againe.
He that was in the Grecian fleet before,
Will bend his sailes from the Eubœan shoare,
And so my weather beaten barke doth shunne
That place from whence the furious storme begun.
Therefore be wisely circumspect, take heede,
It is enough if thee the people reade,
While Icarus flew too high with waxen plumes
The Icarian seas from him their name assumes,
Yet it is hard to counsell in this action,
Since time and place will give thee best direction.
For if thou see that Cæsars wrath be spent,
And that his anger is to mildnesse bent:
Or if some Courtier thee to Cæsar show,
And speake to him in thy behalfe, then goe,
With lucky starres, and bring me some releefe,
To lighten this my heavy waight of griefe.
For he by whom I did these wounds obtaine
Can like Achilles speare cure them againe.
But take heede least thou doe disfavours finde,
My hopes are small and feares perplex my minde:
Lest I another punishment obtaine,
If thou doe move his new-calmd wrath againe,
But when into my study thou doest get,
And there upon the little shelves art set,
There thou shalt see thy other brothers stand,
Brought all to life by one life-giving hand.
The rest are by their paper titles knowne,
Whose written names are on their forehead showne.
Three other Bookes thou shalt likewise discerne,
Teaching loves Art which every one can learne:
But shun them, and if thou hast so much breath,
Tell them that *Oedipus* was his fathers death,

And

'And if thy parents words have power to move,
Love none of these although they reach to love.
Fifteene volumes of changed shapes there lies,
Which were of late snatcht from my obsequies :
Bid them among their changed shapes relate,
The sad change of my fortune and estate ;
For she's unlike to what she was before,
Once happy, now my fate I must deplore.
I have more precepts to give thee in charge,
But that my words thy staying would enlarge ?
And should'st thou carry all my thoughts with thee,
A burthen to thy beafer thou would'st be.
'Tis farre, make haste, while here I live alone,
Within a land farre distant from my home.

*While feare of Shipwracke all amaze,
He to the Gods devoutly prayes :
Describes the tempest and his feare,
At last the Gods his prayers heare.*

ELEGIE II.

YE Gods of Seas (for what remains but prayer)
Be pleas'd at last our beaten backe to spare,
Be not offended all for Cæsars sake,
One God enrag'd, some other pittie take.
Mars hated *Troy*, *Apollo* did defend
The *Trojans*, and faire *Venus* was their friend ;
And though that *Iuno* *Turnus* did respect,
Yet *Venus* did *Aeneas* still protect.
Though *Neptune* still *Vlysses* ruine sought,
Yet him *Mirerra* unto harbour brought :
And though to them we farre inferiour be ;
One God displeased, some power may pleased be,
But yet alas it is in vaine to speake,

Tristium.

Since on my face the angry waves doe breake,
And now the southerne winds so cruell are,
They will not let the Gods even heare my prayer,
But coupling mischiefes, with their rustling gales,
They take away my prayers, and drive our sailes;
The waves like mountaines now are rowled on,
Which even seeme to touch the starry throne.
And by and by deepe valleys doe appeare,
As if that hell it selfe dissolved were.
Nothing but ayre and water can I see,
And both of them doe seeme to threaten me:
Whiles divers winds their forces doe display,
The sea is doubtfull which he should obey.
For now the winde comes from the purple East,
And so againe it bloweth from the West.
Then Boreas flies out from the Northerne Waine,
While Southerne winds doe beate him backe againe:
Our Pilot knew not whether he should feare,
Art sailes him, lost in his amazed feare.
Perish we must, all hope of life is past,
And while I spake the angry billowes flasht
Into my face, and with their waves did fill
My mouth while I continued praying still.
I know my wife at home doth now lament,
And grieve to thinke upon my banishment:
Yet knowes she not how I am tossed here,
And little thinkes she that I am so neare
Vnto my death, and were she here with me
My griefe for her a second death would be.
Now though I dye, yet while that she is safe,
I shall survive in her my other halfe:
But now quicke lightning breaketh through the Cloud,
And following Thunder roareth out aloud.
And now the waves upon the ship doe beate,

Like

Lib. I.

Like bullets, and as one wave doth retreat,
Another comes that doth exceede the rest,
And thus their fury is by turnes exprest.
I feare not death, yet I doe grieve that I
Should here by shipwracke in this manner die.
Happy is he whom sicknesse doth invade,
Whose body in the solid earth is laid:
And having made his will, in his grave may rest,
Nor shall the fishes on his body feast.
And yet suppose my death deserved be,
Shall all the rest be punisht here for me?
O ye greene gods who do the sea command,
Take off from us your heavy threatening hand.
And let me beare this wretched life of mine,
Vnto that place which Cæsar did assigne.
If you desire with death to punish me,
My fault was jug'd not worthy death to be:
Had Cæsar meant to take my life away,
He neede not use your helpe who all dorth sway.
For if that he doe please my blood to spill,
My life is but a tenure at his will.
But you whom I did never yet offend,
Have pittie on me, and to mercy bend;
For though you save me in this great distresse,
Yet you shall see my ruine ne're the lesse.
And if the winds and seas did favour me,
I should no lesse a banisht man still be.
I am not greedy, riches to obtaine,
Nor doe I plough the sea in hope of gaine,
I goe not to *Athens*, where I once have beene
Or *Asian* townes which I have never scene,
Nor unto *Alexandria* doe I goe,
To see how *Nilus* seven streames doe flow:
I wish a gentle wind, which may so stand,

Tristium.

To bring me safe to the Sarmatian land.
And though to the shoares of Pontus I am sent,
I now complaine of tardie banishment;
And though to *Tomos* I am sent away,
Yet for a speedie passage I doe pray.
Then if you love me, calme the angry seas,
And gently guide our ship if so you please:
Or if you hate me, bring me to that land,
Where death even for my punishment may stand:
Then beare me hence you windes, what doe I here,
Or why doth *Italy* in sight appeare;
Why stay you me who am by *Cæsar* sent?
Vnto the Ponticke land to banishment.
When I deserv'd, nor dare I to defend.
That fault which he so lately hath condemn'd;
Yet if the Gods did know our secret thought,
There was no wicked meaning in my fault.
You know, blind errorr carried me away,
While folly did my harmelesse minde betray.
If to his house I ever bore good will,
And have obeyd *Augustus* pleasure still:
If I have prayed even in *Augustus* name,
If I have prayed even for his happie raigne;
And offer'd Incense in *Augustus* name:
If such my minde, then Gods from you I crave,
Some pitty, or else make the sea my grave.
But stay, me thinks the Clouds away are blowne,
And the seas vanquisht rage is overcome:
For these same Gods which I before implord,
Those Gods which I conditionally implord,
Being ne're deceived, doe now their helpe afford.

When

When that unhappy houre was come,
 That he must now depart from Rome;
 He shewes how his Wife and friends lament,
 His then approaching banishment.

ELEGIE. III.

WHEN I remember that same fatall night,
 The last that I enjoy'd the Cities sight;
 Wherein I left each thing to me most deare;
 Then from mine eyes there slideth downe a teare,
 For when the morning once drew neare that I,
 By Cæsars sentence must leave *Italie*;
 I had no minde to thinke upon the way,
 My heavy heart did seeke out all delay.
 Servants, nor yet companions did I chuse,
 Nor coine, nor cloathes which banisht man might use,
 I stood ama'zd like one by thunder strooke,
 Who lives, yet thinks that life hath him forsooke,
 But when this cloud of sorrow was oreblowne,
 And all my senses were more able growne;
 I bad farewell to each sad friend by name,
 For now of many there did few remaine.
 My Wife wept, and me weeping did imbrace,
 A shower of teares still raining on her face;
 My daughter now was in the *Aphricke* land,
 Nor of my sad fate could she understand.
 Through all my house deepe grones and sighes I heare;
 As if some funerall solemniz'd were.
 My wife, my children, and my selfe were mourners,
 And private grieve did vent it selfe in corners.
 If humble sorrowes great examples brooke,
Such was the face of things when Troy was tooke.

Tristium.

It was the deepest silence of the night,
And *Luna* in her chariot shined bright:
When looking on the *Cappitols* high frame,
Which joynd was unto our house in vaine:
You gods (quoth I) whom these faire seats enfold,
And temples which I ne'rd shall more behold:
And all yee gods of Rome whom I must leave,
These my last tendered prayers to you receive;
Though wounded I the buckler use too late,
Let exile ease me of the peoples hate.
Tell *Cæsar* though I sinn'd by ignorance,
There was no wickednesse in my offence.
And as you know so let him know the same,
That so his wrath may be appeal'd againe.
With larger praiers my wife did then beseech
The gods, untill that sobs cut off her speech,
Then falling downe with flowing haire long spred,
She kist the harth whereon the fire lay dead;
And to our penates pourd forth many a word,
Which for her husband now no helpe afford,
Now growing night did haste delay againe,
And *Astors* now had turnd about her Waine,
And loath was I to leave my countrey sight,
Yet this for exile was my sentenc'd night.
If any urged my haste I would reply,
Alasse consider whither, whence I fly.
And then my selfe with flattery would beguile:
And thinke no houre did limit my exile.
Thrice went I forth, and thrice returning finde,
Slow paces were indulgent to my minde;
Oft having bid farewell, I spake againe,
And many parting kisses gave in vaine:
Then looking backe upon my children deare,
The same repeated charge I gave them there.

Why

Why make we hast? tis just to seeke delay,
 Since I am sent from *Rome* to *Scythia*;
 For I must leave my children, house and wife,
 Who while I live must leade a widdowes life.
 And you my loving friends that present be,
 And were like *Theseus* faithfull unto me:
 Let us imbrace, and use times little store,
 Perhaps I never shall imbrace you more.
 And then my words to action did give place,
 While I each friend did lovingly imbrace,
 But while I spake and teares bedew'd my eyes,
 The fatall morning starre began to rise.
 My heart was so divided therewithall,
 As if my limbes would from my body fall.
 So *Priam* griev'd when he too late did finde,
 The *Grecian* horse with armed men was linde;
 Then sorrow was in one loude cry exprest:
 And every one began to knocke his brest;
 And now my wife her armes about me cast,
 And while I wept she spoke these words at last;
 Thou shalt not goe alone, for I will be
 Thy wife in banishment and follow thee:
 In the same ship with thee Ile goe aboard,
 And one land shall to us one life afford.
 Thee unto exile *Cæsars* wrath commandes,
 Me love, which love to me for *Cæsars* stands.
 This she repeates which she had spoke before,
 And could not be perswaded to give ore.
 Till at the last when I my haire had rent,
 Forth like some living funerall I went:
 And after (as I heard) when night grew on,
 Being mad with griefe, she threw her selfe along
 Vpon the ground, while as her haire now lies,
 Sold in the dust, and when that shee did rise,

Shee

Tristium.

Shee did bewaile her gods, her selfe and all,
And on her husbands name did often call,
Greeving as much for this my late exile,
As if she saw me on the funerall pile;
She wishes death her sorrowes would relieve,
Yet then againe, for my sake she would live,
And may she live while I obey my fate:
And live to helpe me in this wretched state.
But now the keeper of the Beare was washt,
With waves which even to the heavens flasht,
While we the *Ionian* seas now ploughing were,
Feare made us bold even in the midst of feare,
Alasse, the windes the seas in blacke adorne,
And with the beating waves the sand grew warme,
When straight a sea ore poope and sterne too came:
Washing those gods were painted on the same.
And now the planckes did grone, the ropes did cracke,
As if the ship lamented her owne wracke.
Our masters paleness did confesse his feare,
And knowing not what to doe, gives ore to feare:
And as a man unable to restraine,
A headstrong horse doth slacke the bridle raine,
So he let loose the sailes unto the seas,
Leaving the ship to drive on where it please.
And had not *Æolus* other winds straight sent,
We had beene droven backe from whence we went,
Illiria being on our starboard hand,
We came in sight of the *Italian* land.
Cease then you windes to drive us on that shoare,
Tis *Cæsars* will we should goe backe no more.
Thus fearing that which I did much desire,
The leaping waves did to the deckes aspire:
Spare me you Gods of seas, some mercy show,
Let it suffice that *Cæsar* is my foe,

And

Lib. 1.

And let not death my weary soule invade,
If one already ruin'd may be sav'd.

*Vnto his friend whose love he found,
Constant when his fortune found:
And like a Chimney hot to be,
In the winter of adversity.*

ELEGIE III.

O Friend, thy love deserves the foremost place,
Who pittiedst me as if 'twere thy owne case:
For when I was amazed with my griefe,
Thy gentle words did yeeld me great reliefe;
And didst perswade me still to live, while I,
Wearied with sorrow did desire to dye.
And though by signes thy name I doe conceale,
Yet whom I meane thy conscience will reveale,
And of thy true love I will mindefull be,
For I doe owe my very life to thee.
My soule shall vanish into empty ayre,
My body to the funerall pile repaire,
Ere I forget thy love which I did finde,
Or time doe make it slip out of my minde,
But may the easie Gods to thee incline,
And give a fortune farre unlike to mine;
Yet had my ship with gentle winds saild on,
Thy faithfull love to me had beene unknowne.
Pirithous Theseus love could never know,
Till to the infernall waters they did goe:
And *Phocæus* love had never beene exprest,
Till madde *Orestes* furies him distrest.
And had *Eurialus* scap'd the daring foe,

Of

Tristium.

Of *Nisus* love who should the story know;
For as the fire the yell ow gold doth try,
So love is proved by aduerity.
While fortune helps us, and on us doth smile;
They will attend upon our wealth that while:
But if shee frowne, they flye, and scarce of any,
Shall he be knowne that had of friends so many:
This which before I from examples drew,
In my owne fortune now is prooved true.
Since of my friends so few remaining be,
The rest did love my fortune and not me.
Then let those few aide me distrest the more.
And bring my ship with safety to the shoare:
And let not any feare to be my friend,
Least that his love great *Cæsars* might offend;
For faithfulnessse in friendship he doth love:
And in his enemies he doth it approve.
My case is better, since that no attempt
Gainst him, but folly wrought my banishment.
Be watchfull then in my behalfe, and see,
If that his anger may appeased be.
If any wish I should my griefes rehearse,
They are too many to be shew'd in verse.
My griefes are more than stars within the skies,
Or little mores which in the dust arise.
For to my sorrowes none can credit give,
Posterity will scarce the same beleewe.
Besides those other griefes which ought to haue,
Within my secret thoughts a silent grave.
Had I voice and brest could ne're be tir'd,
More mouthes and tongues than ever grieve desir'd:
Yet could not I expresse the same in words,
My grieve so large a theame to me affords.
You learned Poets leave off now to write,

Ulysses troubles, and my woes recite.
 I sufferd more: he wandred many yeares,
 In comming home from *Troy* as it appeares,
 We saild so farre to the *Sarmatian* shoares,
 Till we discoverd starres unknowne before.
 With him a faithfull troope of *Grecians* went,
 My friends forooke me in my banishment.
 To bring him home his happy sailes were spred,
 While I even from my native countrey fled.
 Nor doe I saile from *Ithaca*, from whence,
 It would not grieve me to be banisht thence :
 But even from *Rome* which doth the gods enfold,
 And from seaven hills doth all the world behold.
 He had a body hardned to endure,
 To labour I my selfe did ne're inure;
 In the sterne warres great paines he daily tooke,
 But I was still devoted to my booke.
 One god opposing me, no god brought ayde;
 But him *Bellona* helpt the warlike Maide.
 And since that *Neptune* is than *Iove* farre lesse,
 Him *Neptune*, but great *Iove* doth me oppresse.
 Besides some fictions doe his labours grace,
 Which in our griefes sad story have no place.
 And lastly though at last, his home he found,
 And landed on the welcome long sought ground.
 But ne're shall I my native country see,
 Vntill the angry gods appeased be.

*Unto his wife whose faithfull loue,
 And constancy he doth approue.*

ELEGIE V.

A *Po'lo Lyde* never lov'd so well,
 Nor did *Philetas* love so much excell

Tristium

To *Battis*, as my constant love to thee,
Worthy a husband that might happier be :
Thou helpest me when my fortune did decline,
So if that I am any thing, tis thine.
And none through thee, to spoyle me more were able,
Who wist to see me beare a shipwracke table.
For as the Wolfe whom hunger doth make bold,
Doth dare to set upon the unwatcht fold :
Or as the Vulture round about doth flye,
To see what Carcasse doth unburied lye :
In the like manner some unfaithfull hand,
Had ceazd my goods, but that thou didst withstand ;
And by friends helpe didst frustrate his intent,
To whom I can no worthy thanks present.
This was a certaine triall of thy love,
If any triall neede the same approve.
Andromaches love to *Hector* when he fell
By stout *Achilles*, cannot parallell,
Thine, more exprest to me in my sad fate,
Then was *Laodamia* to her mate.
Hadst thou beene *Homers* wife as thou art mine,
Thou shouldst in fame *Penelope* out-shine.
Whether thou ow'st thy vertues to thy selfe,
And liberall nature did impart this wealth ;
Or else the example of some Matrons life,
Doth teach thee how to be a loyall wife.
And so by custome made thee like to either ;
If things unequall may compare together.
Alas my verse hath now no strength to praise thee,
Nor to the height of thy deserts can raise thee :
And if we any lively vigour had,
Through length of misery it is now decayd.
Else thy conspicuous vertues should appeare,
Mongst women that for vertue famous were :

Yet if my verses any praise can give
Within my verse thou shalt for ever live.

*Unto his friends who did engrave,
And on their Rings his image have;
Those be wishes him to view,
In those verses which he drew.*

ELEGIE VI.

THOU that my Image wearst in Rings exprest,
Let not my brow with Ivy wreaths be drest;
Such ensignes happy Poets may adorne;
No Gariand on my Temples must be worne.
Though you conceale it, yet you know tis true,
Who on your finger doe me often view;
And having made my counterfeit in gold,
Me in my banishment doe so behold.
The sight whereof doth make thee to let fall
These words, How far is Ovid from us all
I thanke your love, but tis my verse which shewes
My lively picture, therefore it peruse.
My verse which sings the changed shapes of men,
Which by my flight was left unperfected then,
Departing, these I with my hand at last
Into the fire with other riches cast.
As *Thesias* in the Brand her sonne did smother,
Being a better sister than a mother;
So I did cast those bookes into the flame,
Which by my fault had merited no blame.
Hating my muse, which did my fault enclufe,
Or else because my verse seem'd lame and rude,
But since I could not so destroy them quite,
But that some coppies yet are come to light,
Now may they live, and still delightfull be

Tristium.

Vnto the Reader put in mind of me.
Yet they with patience can be read of none,
That to the world are uncorrected showne,
Snatcht from the forge before they could be fram'd,
Deprived of my last life-giving hand.
For praise I pardon crave, it shall suffice,
If Reader thou doe not my Verse despise.
Yet in the front these verses placed be,
If with thy liking it at least agree:
Who meetes this Orphan Volumne poore in worth,
Within your City harborage afford
To win more favour, not by him set forth,
But ravisht from the funerall of his Lord:
This therefore which presents its owne defect,
At pleasure with a friendly hand correct.

*To his unconstant friend, whose love
He findes doth now unconstant prove,
And like a Glow-worme seemes to shine,
But yeelds no heate in hardest time.*

ELEGIE VII.

LEt Rivers now flow backe unto their Spring,
And let the Sunne from West his course begin:
The earth shall now with shining starres be fill'd,
The skies unto the furrowing plough shall yeeld.
The water shall send forth a smoaking flame,
The fire shall yeeld forth water backe againe.
All things shall goe against old natures force,
And no part of the world shall keepe his course.
This I presage because I am deceiv'd
Of him, whose love most faithfull I beleeu'd.

What

What made thy hollow thoughts so soone reject me,
 What didst thou feare when fortune did afflict me,
 That thou wouldst never comfort me at all,
 Or mourne at my living funerall?
 That name of friendship which should holy be,
 Is not esteem'd or reckoned of by thee.
 What had it beene to have seene a maim'd friend,
 And with the rest some words of comfort lend?
 And if no teares for me thou couldst have shed,
 With fained pittie mightst have something sed.
 Thou mightst have done as some who I ne're knew,
 And in the common voyce have bid adew:
 And lastly, while thou mightest take the paine
 To see my face ne're to be seene againe,
 And mightst have then (which ne're shall more befall)
 Give and receive a farewell last of all.
 Which others did whom no strickt league did binde,
 And made their teares the witnesse of their minde,
 For were not we in love joyn'd each to other,
 By length of time and living both together?
 My businesse and my sports were knowne to thee,
 And so were thy affaires well knowne to me.
 Did not I know thee well at Rome of late,
 Whom I for mirth-sake did associate?
 Are these things vanisht into empty winde,
 Drown'd in the Lethe of a faithlesse minde?
 I doe not thinke that thou wert borne at Rome;
 (Whither alas I never more shall come.)
 But on some Rocke here in the Ponticke land,
 Or Scythian Mountaines that so wildly stand:
 And veines of flint are every where dispers'd
 In slender branches through thy Iron brest.
 And sure thy Nurse some cruell Tigar was
 Who gav thee sucke as shee along did passe;

Tristium.

Else thou hadst made my griefe by application,
Thy owne, nor wouldst thou neede this accusation.
But since to encrease the burthen of my griefe,
My first of miseries found such poore reliefe,
Repaire this breach of love, that in the end
Thy now complained of love I may commend:

*He shewes his friend that vulgar love,
Is fortunes shadow, and doth move
With it; then does congratulate
His worth deserving better fate.*

ELEGIE. VIII.

MAist thou live happy even till thou dye,
Who readst this worke here with a friendly eye,
And may my prayers unto the gods not faile,
For thee which for my selfe did ne're prevaile.
While thou art fortunate thou shalt have friends,
But in adversity their friendship ends.
Thou see'st how Doves to new-built houses come,
While as the ruind Tower all birds doe shunne.
The empty Barnes no vermine ever haunt,
And no friend comes to him that is in want.
While the Sunne shines, our shadowes then will stay;
But when orecast, it vanishes away.
So doe the people follow fortunes light,
Which clouded once, they vanish out of sight.
But may these truths to thee most false still seeme,
Which by my ill chance have confirmed beene.
A great resort of friends unto me came,
While I kept up my well knowne house and name.
But when it fell, my ruine they did shunne,

And

Lib. 1.

And all at once to flye from me begunne.
 Nor doe I wonder if they thunder feare,
 That blasteth every thing it commeth nere:
 Yet a friend constant in adversity,
 Cæsar approves even in his enemy.
 Nor is he wont to be displeas'd to see
 Those that have loved once still friends should be.
 Even *Troas* when that he *Orestes* knew,
 Did praise that love which *Pilades* did shew:
 And that *Patroclus* was *Achilles* friend,
 Though in his foe brave *Hector* doth commend.
 When *Theseus* went downe with his friend to hell.
Pluto was griev'd to see them love so well.
 And *Turnus* did with teares commiserate
Euriatus and *Nisus* dismall fate.
 Friendship is in an enemy approv'd;
 Yet how few with these words of mine are mov'd?
 For such my state of fortune now appeares,
 I ought to keepe no measure in my teares.
 Yet though my owne times are unfortunate,
 They are made more cleere even by thy better fate.
 I saw deare friend, that this to thee would come,
 When a lesse wind did drive thy ship along.
 If spotlesse life deserve to be esteem'd,
 No man deserveth more to be esteem'd.
 If liberall Arts can any man advance,
 Thou mak'st each cause good by thy eloquence;
 And mov'd herewith I did to thee preface
 A glorious Scene upon the worlds stage.
 Not thunder told me this, nor yet the sight
 Of sheepes entrails, nor birds voice or flight:
 Reason did me this augury afforde,
 When as I saw thy mind with vertue stor'd.
 And now doe gratulate this my divination,

Tristium.

In that thy vertues have such publication,
Would I had kept in darkenesse out of sight,
My studies, which I wish had ne're knowne light;
For as thy fame from eloquence doth grow,
So from my Verse, my ruine first did flow.
Thou knowst my life, and how I did abstaine
From those same Arts of love which I did frame;
Thou knowst I writ it in my younger dayes,
In jesting manner, not to merit praise.
Though I dare nothing urge in my defence,
I thinke I may excuse my late offence.
Excuse me then, nor ere forsake thy friend,
But as thou hast begun so also end.

*Ovid here his ship doth praise,
That caried him through many Seas.*

ELEGIE. IX.

Yellow Minerva doth my ship maintaine,
Which of her painted Helmet beares the name,
For with the least winde shee will nimbly sayle,
And goe with Oares when as the wind doth faile.
Shee will outsaile her company outright,
And fetch up any ship that is in sight.
She can endure the waves which on her beate,
Yet will she never open any leake.
I boarded her in the Corinthian bay,
From whence she stoutly brought me on my way,
By *Pallas* helpe, by whom she was protected,
Through many dangerous seas she was directed:
And may she now cut through the Ponticke strand,
And bring me safely to the Geticke Land.

Who

Who when she had carryed me at last,
 Through the Ionian seas, when we had past
 Along those coasts, we stood to the left hand,
 And so we came unto the Imbrian land.
 Then with a gentle winde she sailed on,
 And toucht at *Samos* as she went along.
 Vpon the other side there stands a wood,
 Thus farre my ship did bring me through the flood,
 Through the *Bistonians* fields on foote I went,
 And then from *Hellepont* her course she bent:
 For to *Dardania* she her course intended,
 And *Lampsace* which *Priapus* defended.
 So to the walles of *Cyzicon* she came,
 Which the *Meonian* people first did frame.
 Thence to *Constantinople* was her way,
 Where as two seas doe meete within one bay.
 Now may my other ship a strong gale,
 Passe by the moving Iles, while she doth saile
 By the *Thynnian* bay, while her course doth fall,
 To come hard by *Anchialus* high wall.
 Then to *Messembria*, *Odesson*, and the Tower,
 Which is defended by god *Bacchus* power:
 And to *Megara* which did first receive
Alcathous, who did his Countrey leave.
 So to *Miletus* which is the place assign'd,
 To which by *Cæsars* wrath I am confin'd.
 Where for an offering of a greater price,
 A Lambe to *Pallas* I will sacrifice.
 And you two brothers that are stellify'd,
 I pray that you my ship may gently guide:
 One ship to *Cyanean* Iles is bound,
 The other goes to the *Bistonian* ground:
 And therefore grant the wind may fully stand,
 To bring them safely to a diuers land.

Tristium.

Vnto the Reader here he shewes,
That he this first booke did compose
In his journey, and so doth crave
His pardon if some faults it haue.

ELEGIE X.

EACH letter that thou readeſt in this Booke,
I did endite, while I my journey tooke,
And while I writ the Sea did me enfold
While I did tremble with Decembers cold.
Or when having paſt the *Iſthmus* through'the maine
We were enforced to take ſhip againe,
I thinke it did amaze the *Cyclades* :
To ſee me writing verſes on the Seas.
I wonder too, that I with ſtormes of minde,
And waves oppreſt, could ſuch invention finde :
For if that Poetry be nam'd a madneſſe
Yet it did eaſe my mind in miſt of ſadneſſe ;
Now by the ſtormy kids our ſhip was beaten
Then *Sterope* did make the Seas to threaten.
Artophylax did cloud the day againe,
And Southerne winds did bring downe ſhowres of raine.
The Sea leakt in a pace, yet then I drew
With trembling hand theſe verſes here in view,
And now the winds did whistle in the throwds
The waves did ſeeme to riſe up to the cloudes.
The Pilot liſting up his hands and heart
Beſought the gods for helpe, and left his Art ;
Where ere I looke deaths ſhape behold I may,
Which maketh me at once to feare, and pray.
The Havens fight would but encreaſe my feares,

The

Lib. 1.

The land more fearefull than the Sea appeares
The feare of cruell men my thoughts doth trouble.
The sword, and seas doe make my feares seeme double,
For that would faine deprive me of my breath,
And this would have the glory of my death.
On the left hand a barbarous nation stood;
Who doe delight in slaughter, warre, and blood;
And while the waves doe give the sea no rest
The Sea is not more troubled then my brest,
So that the Reader ought to pardon these,
Few lines of mine, if that they doe not please.
I writ them not within my garden Arbour,
Or while my bed my weary limbes did harbour:
But on our ship the angry waves did beare,
And the blew water did my paper wet.
Winter grew angry for to see me write
While he in threatning stormes did shew his might,
I yeeld to him, and may his stormy weather,
Heere with my verse be ended both together.

LIB)



LIB. II.

*Vnto Caesar he excuses
Himselfe, and condemnes his Muses :
And many Poets dorth recite,
Who in their times did loosely write;
Yet in that age were never sent,
Though like in fault, to banishment.*

VVhat have I to doe with you my unhappy
On who as on my ruine I must look. (book?)
Why doe I returne unto my Muse againe,
Is not enough one punishment to obtaine?
It was my verse that first did overthrow me,
And made both men and women wish to know me,
It was my verse did make great Caesar deeme
My life to be such as my verse did seeme,
Amongst my chiefest faults I must rehearse,
My love of studdy, and my looser verse :
In which while I my fruitlesse labour spent,
I gained nothing but sad banishment,
Those learned Sisters I should therefore hate,
Who their adorners still doe ruinate.
Yet such my madnesse is, that folly armes me
To strike my foote against that stone that harmes me;
Even as some beaten fencer after tries
To regaine honour by a second prize.
Or as some torne ship that newly came
To shoare, yet after stands to Sea againe.

Perhaps

Perhaps as *Telephus* was healed by a sword,
 So that which hurt me shall like helpe afford :
 And that my Verse his mov'd wrath may appease,
 Since verses have great power the gods to please,
Cæsar hath bidden each Italian Dame,
 To sing some verses to great *Opis* name :
 And unto *Phæbus* when he set forth playes
 To him once seene within an age of dayes ;
 So may my verse great *Cæsars* now obtaine,
 By examples to appease thy wrath againe.
 Iust is thy wrath, which I will ne're deny,
 Such shamefull words, from my mouth doe not flye :
 And this offence makes me for pardon cry,
 Since faults are objects of thy clemency.
Iove would be soone disarm'd, if he should send
 His thunderbolts as oft as men offend.
 Now though his thunders make the world to feare,
 It breakes the Clouds, and makes the ayre more cleare :
 Whom therefore father of the gods we name,
 Than *Iove* none greater doth the world containe.
 Thou *Pater patriæ* too art call'd, then be
 Like to those gods in name and clemency :
 And so thou art, for no more moderate hand,
 Could hold the raines of Empire and command.
 Thy enemy once overcome in field
 Thou pardonst, which he victor would not yeeld.
 And some thou didst with honours dignifie,
 That have attempted gainst thy Majesty.
 Thy warres on one day did begin and cease,
 While both sides brought their offerings unto peace :
 That as the Victor in the vanquish't Foe,
 The vanquish't in the Victor gloried so.
 My case is better, since I ne're did joyne
 With those who did in armes gainst thee combine :

By

Tristium.

By Sea, by Earth, and Srygian gods I sweare;
And by thy self whose God-like power I feare:
My thoughts, though wanting meanes to be exprest;
As faithfull were as those who most profest.
For I did joyne my frequent prayers with them,
That thou mightst here long weare thy Diadem;
And for thy safety made a poore expence.
To please the gods with offered frankincense;
Besides, those faulty bookes of mine containe
In many places thy most sacred name.
And if thou wouldst that worke of mine peruse
Of changed shapes snatcht from my banisht Muse;
In it thy name still mention'd thou shalt find,
And many things which shew my humble minde;
For though my haplesse Muse cannot aspire
To raise thy fame and glory any higher;
Joves pleas'd when we his glorious act rehearse,
And make him be the subject of our verse.
And when we doe the Gyants warres recite
In his owne praises he doth sure delight.
Others may celebrate thy sacred name,
And sing thy praises in a fluent vaine.
Though we an hundred Bulls doe sacrifice,
The Gods the smallest gifts doe not despise!
But oh, more cruell then a foe was he
Who first did shew my wanton lines to thee,
Lest that my verses which thy fame doe spread,
Might so with equall favour now be read.
Yet thou being angry, who durst love professe,
For I did hate my selfe in my distresse.
As in some falling house the heavy waight
The first declining postes oppresses straight,
So when that fortune an estate doth rend,
All things by their owne waight to ruine tend.

Lib. 21

The people likewise hate me for my bookes,
And so compose themselves unto thy lookes,
Yet I remember in my younger dayes,
My life and manners thou didst often praise :
For though unthriving honesty obtaine,
No honour, yet no crime did soile my fame.
The defendants cause sometimes in hand I tooke ;
On which the hundred Senators should looke,
And when I private matters did compound,
Each side the justice of my sentence found.
And if at last I had not thus offended
I know thou hast me formerly commended :
This last destroyes me, sinkes my sh'p belowe
The waves, which often did in safty goe.
Nor did some small, and little wave distresse me ;
But a whole Ocean did at once oppresse me.
Alasse, why have my eyes thus haplesse beene
To give me knowledge of a private sinne.
~~Alas~~ did *Diana* naked spye :
And yet for this he by his hounds did dye :
Though fortune did offend in this nor he,
Yet errors gainst the gods must punish be.
Even so that day that error me betrayd,
A small, but not ignoble house decay'd ;
Yet such as from antiquity hath showne,
Armes that have beene inferiour unto none :
Not wealthy, nor yet ere with want disgrac'd ;
But with the houses of the gentry plac'd,
And if my house had borne an humble name,
It had beene famous by my fluent vaine,
Which though I us'd more lightly then became,
Yet all the world beareth up my name.
The learned too have *Naso* knowne, nor feare
To place him with those that renown'd were,

Yet

Tristium.

Yet now this house which by my Muse was rais'd,
Is by one fault of mine againe disgrac'd:
Yet fallen so as it selfe may reare,
If Cæsars wrath would once more mild appeare:
Whose mercy in my sentence was exprest,
Farre short of that my feare did first suggest,
Whose anger reacht not to this life of ours,
But with great mildnesse us'd thy Princely powers,
And thou my forfeit goods to me didst give,
And with my life didst grant me meanes to live.
Nor by the Senates sentence was I sent,
Or private judgement into banishment:
But didst thy selfe pronounce those heavy words,
Whose execution full revenge affords.
Besides, thy edict forcing my exile,
Did with great favour my late fault enstille:
Whereby I am not banisht, but confin'd.
And misery is in gentle words assign'd.
For there's no punishment though ne're so strickt,
Can more than thy displeasure me afflict.
Yet somerimes angry gods appeased are,
And when the clouds are gone, the day is faire.
I have seene the Ealme loaden with Vines againe,
That had before beene stricken by Ioves flame.
Therefore Ile hope, since thou canst not deny,
To grant me this even in my misery.
Thy mercy makes me hope, till I reflect
Vpon my fault which doth all hope reject.
And as the rage of seas by winds incens'd,
Is not with equall fury still commenc'd:
But that sometimes a quiet calme it hath,
And seemes to have laid by his former wrath:
Even so my various thoughts doe make me fere,
Now calm'd by hope, then troubled with despare.

Lib. 2.

By those same gods that grant thee long to raige,
That thou maist still maintaine the Romane name:
And by thy Countrey happy in thy fate,
Where I a subject were of thine of late;
May so the City render thee due love,
For thy great acts which doe thy mind approve.
So may thy *Livia* live here many yeares,
Who onely worthy of thy love appears:
Whom nature kept for thee, else there had beene,
None worthy to have beene thy Royall Queene.
So may thy Sonne grow up, and with his Father,
Rule this same Empire happily together.
And by his acts and thine which time can't hide,
May both your off-springs so be stellified.
May victory so accustom'd to thy Tent,
Come to his colours, and her selfe present;
And flye about him with displayed wings,
While she a Lawrell wreath to crowne him brings.
To whom thou dost thy warres command resigne,
And givest him that fortune that was thine:
While thou thy selfe at home in peace dost raigne,
Thy other selfe doth forraine warres maintaine.
May he returne a victor o're his foe,
And on his plumed horse in triumph goe.
Oh spare me therefore, and doe now lay by,
Thy thunder which hath bred my misery.
Spare me thou *Pater patrie*, let that name,
Give me some hope to please thee once againe.
I sue not to repeale my banishment,
Though unto greater sures the gods assent.
For if thou wouldst some milder place assigne
Of exile, it would ease this griefe of mine.
For here I suffer even the worst of woes,
While I doe live amongst the barbarous foes:
Being sent unto *Danubius* sevenfold streame, Where-

Tristium.

Whereas Calistho drives her frozen Team,
And while the silver waves doe gently slide,
The Colchians from the Getes can scarce divide,
And though for greater faults some are proscrib'd;
Yet none in farther banishment abide,
Beyond this nought, but cold and foes remaine,
And Seas that are bound with an Icy chaine,
Part of the Euxine Sea which Rome commands
Runs here, and then below Sarmatia stands,
Here doth the spreading Romane empire end
Whose utmost bounds doe hither scarce extend.
This makes me pray to be removed hence:
A peacefull exile granting my offence,
Nor with those people may a captive bide,
Who once enrag'd the Ister can't divide.
Besides, a free borne Romane cannot be
By forraine hands held in captivity.
Though two faults, verse, and error me oppress,
The latter shall in silence be suppress.
I am unworthy to renew thy wound,
O Cæsar, by which I the smart have found.
But of my fault they urge a second part,
In that I taught loves' wanton idle Art.
I see that humane acts the gods deceive,
My fault is not such as thou dost beleeve:
For as great Love that heaven beholding sits,
No leasure unto small affaires admits.
So when this under orbe thou dost orelooke;
Thy royall thoughts not meaner cares doe brooke,
As that thou shouldst (my liege) have so much leasure
To reade my verse fram'd with unequall measure.
It seemes the weight of the Romane name does lye,
Not on thy shoulders very heavily,
That thou wouldst daigne to marke those idle lines;

And

And view what I had writ at idle times:
 Now thou rebelling *Hungary* dost tame,
 While as the *Thracians* menace armes againe,
 The *Armenians* seeking peace, the *Parthians* shewes
 His spreading colours, and doe bend their Bowes;
Germany feesles thy valour in thy Sontie,
 While Cæsars foes, young Cæsars dorth o'recome:
 And lastly, through thy Empires large extention,
 No part doth fall away through thy prevention.
 The City and the Lawes thou dost defend;
 And by example dost thy subjects mend,
 Nor with thy people dost thou live at ease;
 When by thy warres thou settest them in peace.
 'Mongst such affaires I wonder thou hadst time;
 For to peruse those idle jests of mine:
 Or if thou readst them with a quiet thought;
 I wish that in my Art thou hadst read no fault:
 It was not for severer judgements writ,
 And for thy Princely view it was unfit.
 Yet such as doth not gainst thy Lawes offend,
 Or wariton rules to married wives commend,
 And least thou doubt to whom they written were,
 In one booke of the three, these verses are:
 Away all you whose fillets bind your haire:
 And you that ankle-touching garments weare;
 The lawfull scapes of love we here rehearse,
 That so there may be no fault in my verse.
 What though we banish from this Art all such,
 As the robe and fillet bids us not to touch?
 Yet may the matron use another Art,
 And draw from thence what I did tie're impart.
 Let the Matron then not reade, for she may finde,
 Matter in all verse to corrupt her minde.
 What e're she touches, she that delights in ill

Tristium.

Of vices knowledge shee may learne the skill.
Let her the Annales take (though most severe)
The fault of *Iliad* will thereby appeare.
And in the *Æneads* reade as in the other,
How wanton *Venus* was *Æneas* mother.
And I will shew beneath in every kind,
That there's no verse but may corrupt the minde;
Yet every booke is not for this to blame,
Since nothing profits, but may hurt againe.
Than fire what better? yet he that doth desire,
To burne a house, doth arme himselfe with fire.
Health giving physicke, health doth oft empaire,
Some herbes are wholesome, and some poyson are,
The theife and traveller swords weare, to the end.
Th'one may assault, the other may defend.
Though eloquence should pleade the honest cause,
It may defend the guilty by the lawes:
So if my verse be read with a good minde,
Thou shalt be sure in it no hurt to finde.
He therefore erres who led by selfe conceit,
Doth misinterpret what so ere I write.
Why are there Cloisters? wherein Maids doe walke,
That with their Lovers they may meete and talke.
The Temple though most sacred let her shunne,
That with an evill minde doth thither come.
For in *Ioves* temple her thoughts will suggest,
How many maids by *Iove* have beene oppress:
And thinke in *Iunoes* temples when shees praying,
How *Iuno* injur'd was by *Ioves* oft straying,
And *Pallas* seene, shee thinkes some faulty birth,
Made her to hide *Erichon* boine of earth:
If she come to *Marses* temple, o're the gate,
There standeth *Venus* with her cunning mate.
In *Ifis* temple, she revolveth how,

Poore

Lib. 2.

Poore *Io* was transform'd into a Cow.
 And something then her wandring fancy moves,
 To thinke of *Venus* and *Anchises* loves.
Iasus and *Ceres* next her thoughts encite,
 And pale *Erdimion* the Moones favorite :
 For though these statues were for prayer assign'd,
 Yet every thing corrupts an evill minde :
 And my first lease bids them not to reade that Art,
 Which I to Harlots onely did impart.
 And since in maydens it is thought a crime,
 For to presse farther than the Priests assigne :
 Is she not faulty then, who not forbears
 To reade my verses, prohibited chaste eares ?
 Matrons to view those pictures are content,
 Which various shapes of venery present ?
 And Vestall Virgins doe peruse the same,
 For which the Author doth receive no blame.
 Yet why did I that wanton vaine approve ?
 Why doth my Booke perswade them unto love ?
 It was my fault which I doe here confesse,
 My wit and judgement did therein transgresse.
 Why did not I of *Troyes* sad ruine tell,
 (That vexed theme) which by the *Gracians* fell.
 Or *Thebes* seaven gates which severally kept,
 Where by mutuall wounds those brothers dye and slept.
 An ample subject warlike *Rome* afforded,
 Whose acts I might have piously recorded.
 And though great *Cæsars* deeds abroad are knowne,
 Yet by my verse some part I might have shovne :
 For as the Sunnes bright rayes doe draw the sight,
 So might thy acts my willing Muse encite.
 Yet 'twas no fault to plough a little field,
 Knowing that theme doth fertile matter yeeld.
 For though the Cock-boate through the Lake doe row,

Tristram.

She dare not venture unto sea to goe.
This I did feare, for though my lighter vaine,
To frame some slender measures can attaine;
Yet had I tooke to write the Gyants warre,
That worke for me had beene too heavy farre.
Those happy wits of Cæsars acts may tell,
Whose high strain'd lines his acts can paralell.
And though I once attempted such an act,
Me thought my verse did from thy worth detract.
Then to my youthfull Layes I went againe,
And writ of love, under a * fained name.
The Fates did draw me gainst my owne intent,
By writing to obtaine a banishment.
Why learnt I by my parents care, or why
Did tempting bookes detainie my busie eye?
For this thou hat'st me, since thou dost distrust,
I taught by Art, how to sollicite lust.
When I to wives no theft of love did show,
How could I teach what I did never know?
For though some smooth soft verses I did frame,
No ill report could ever wound my fame.
Nor can some husband of the vulgar rancke,
For being made a doubtfull father, thanke
My verse, by which my thoughts are not exprest,
My life is modest though my Muse love jest.
Besides, my workes are Fictions, and doe crave
Some liberty, which their Authour may not have:
Nor doe bookes shew the minde, whose chiefe intention
Is to delight the eare with new invention.
Should Accius cruell be, *Terence* delight
In bankets, and all warriors who doe write
Of warres, and lastly some have lovelayes fram'd,
Who though like faulty, yet are not like blam'd.
What did the harping old man teach in ryme,

But

Lib. 2.

But to sleepe *Venus* in the heate of wine?
 And *Sappho* doth instruct mayds how to love,
 Yet he nor *Sappho* no man doth reprove.
 Who blames *Battiades* that abus'd his leasure?
 In wanton verse to set forth his owne pleasure.
Menanders pleasant merry tales of love,
 The harmelesse thoughts of virgins doe approve.
 What doe the *Illiads* shew, but wearres sad shape,
 In the regaining an adulterous rape:
 And how *Achilles Chryses* love enflam'd
 And how the *Gracians Hellen* backe regain'd,
 The *Odysses* shew how in a wooing strife,
 Those sutors vainely sought *Ulysses* wife.
 And *Homer* tels how *Mars* and *Venus* ty'd,
 In close embraces, by the gods were spy'd.
 Whom but from *Homer* could we ever knowe,
 How two faire Ladies lov'd a stranger so?
 The tragedies in statelineffe excell,
 Yet those of loves affaires doe often tell,
Hyppolitus was loved of his mother,
 And faire *Ganace* did affect her brother,
 When *Menelaus Hellen* bore away,
Cupid did drive the Chariot on that day.
 When in the childrens blood the mother dies
 The sword, this act from franticke love did rise.
 Love to *Lapwing* chang'd the *Thracian* King,
 And fitted *Progne* with a Swallowes wing.
 And twas a brother love that did affright
 The Sunne, and made him for to hide his light.
 Never should *Seylla* on the stage appeare,
 But that love made her clip her fathers haire.
 And who so reades *Orestes* franticke feares,
 Of murdered *Pyrrhus* and *Aegisthus* heares.
 What name I him did the *Chimera* tame?

Tristium.

Whose treacherous Hostesse fought his life in vaine,
What of *Hermione* of the *Arcadian* maid,
Phæbe whose course the *Latmian* Lover staid.
Or what of *Danae*, by love a mother growne,
And *Hercules* got in two nights joynd in one.
To these adde *Iole*, *Pyrrhus*, and that boy,
Sweete *Hylas*, with *Paris*, firebrand unto *Troy*.
And should I here recite loves tragicke flames,
My booke would scarce containe their very names.
Thus Tragedies to wanton laughter bend,
And many shamefull words in them they blend.
Some blamelesse have *Achilles* acts defac't,
And by soft measures have his deeds disgrac't.
Though *Aristides* his owne faults compil'd,
Yet *Aristides* was not straight exil'd.
Eubius did write an impure history,
And does describe unwholesome yenery:
Nor he that *Sybarin* luxuries composed,
Nor he that his owne sinfull acts disclosed.
These in the libraries by some bounteous hand,
To publicke use doe there devoted stand.
By strangers pens I neede not seeke defence,
Our owne bookes with such liberty dispence;
For though grave *Ennius* of warres tumults writ,
Whose artlesse workes doe shew an able wit:
The cause of fire *Lucretias* doth explaine,
And how three causes did this world frame:
Wanton *Catullus* yet his Muse did taske,
To praise his Mistris, whom he then did maske.
Vnder the name of *Lesbia* and so strove,
In verse to publish his owne wanton love.
And with like licence *Calvus* too assaies,
For to set forth his pleasure divers wayes,
Why should I mention *Memons* wanton vaine?

Who

Who to each filthy act doth give a name;
 And *Cinna* striving by his verse to please:
Cornificus may be well ranckt with these,
 And he that did commend to after fame,
 His love disguised by *Metellus* name.
 And he that sailed for the Fleece of gold,
 His secret thefts of love doth oft unfold.
Hortensius too, and *Servius* writ as bad,
 Who'd thinke my fault so great examples had?
Sisenna, *Aristides* workes translates,
 And oft in wanton jests expatiates.
 For praising *Lytoris*, none doth *Gallus* blame,
 If that his tongue in wine he could containe.
Tibullus writes that womens oathes are wind,
 Who can with outward shewes their husbands blind:
 Teaching them how their keepers to beguile,
 While he himselfe is cosen'd by that wile,
 That he would take occasion for to try
 Her ring, that he might touch her hand thereby.
 By private tokens he would talke sometime,
 And on the table draw a wanton signe:
 Teaching what oyles that blewnesse shall expell,
 Which by much kissing on their lips doth dwell.
 And unto husbands doe strickt rules commend,
 If they be honest, wives will not offend.
 And when the dog doth barke, to know before,
 That 'tis their Lover that stands at the doore.
 And many notes of love-thefts he doth leave,
 And teacheth wives their husbands to deceive:
 Yet is *Tibullus* read and famous growne,
 And unto thee (great Cæsar) he was knowne.
 And though *Propertius* did like precepts give,
 Yet his cleare fame doth still unstained live,
 To these did I succcede, for ile suppress,

Tristium!

Their names who live and faulry are no lesse,
I feard not where so many ships had past,
That my peore Barke should shipwracke be at last:
For some doe shew the Art to play at dice,
Which was in former times esteem'd a vice:
And how to make the Dice still higher runne,
An so the little loosing Ace to shunne,
Or how to cast and strike a Dye againe,
To runne that chance vy which any one shall name:
And how at Drafts a crowned King to make,
And play your man where none the same can take;
To know to chase, and to retire, and then
In flying how to backe your man agen.
And some the game of three-stones likewise show,
Where he does win that brings them on a row.
Others in sundry games like paines doe take,
Whertin we lose our time to winne a stake.
And some of Tennis-play doe also sing,
And doe instruct us how by Art to swim.
Here one the secrets of face-drugs discloses,
Another lawes of crowned feasts composes.
And the best day he likewise doth assigne,
And what Cups doe become the sparkling wine,
And in December merry rymes are sung,
By which the winter doth sustaine no wrong.
So I to write some merry verses meant
Which straight were punisht with sad banishment.
Of all these former writers there was none,
Whose Muse did ruine him, but I alone.
If I had jested in some Mimmicke yaine,
Which wanton Scenes of love doe still containe:
In which the Lover does come forth to wooe,
And wanton wives doe cheate their husbands too:
Yet these, Maids, Macons, and old men delight,

And

Lib. 2.

And 'fore the Senate Acted are by night :
Whose wanton language doth the eare prophane,
Making loose offers at those acts of shame.
When Husbands are beguil'd by pretty wayes,
They applaud the Poet, and doe give him Bayes :
He gaines by being punisht for his crimes,
And makes the Prætor pay more for his lines,
And when (great *Cæsar*) thou dost set forth playes,
The Poets paid that did the plot first raise :
Which thou beholdest, and hast set out to view,
Whereby thou dost thy gracious mildnesse shew.
And with those eyes which make the world to feare,
Thou sawst the Scenes of love that acted were,
If Mimmicks may write in a wanton straine,
Why should my verse such punishment obtaine ?
Are they by licence of the stage protected ?
Which makes the Mimmicks bawdy jests neglected.
My Poems too have made the people rise,
To helpe attention with their greedy eyes,
Though in your house the lively pictures stand,
Of Noblemen drawne by the Painters hand :
Yet have you wanton tables hanging by,
Which shew the diverse shapes of venery.
Though you have *Ajax* picture full of ire,
And fierce *Medea*, with her eyes like fire :
Yet *Venus* seemes to dry her moystned haire,
As if from sea she newly did repaire.
Let others of warres bloody tumults write,
And of thy acts which learned pens invite :
Nature hath scanted me, and doth restraine
To meaner subjects this my humble vaine.
Yet *Virgil* who is read with much delight,
Doth of the acts of brave *Æneas* write :
And no part is with greater favour read,

Than

Tristium.

Than where he brings him to *Queene Dido's* bed,
Yet in his youth he did commend faire *Phillis*,
And sports himselfe in praising *Amarillis*.
And though I formerly in that same vaine
Offended, yet I now doe beare the blame.
I had writ verses, when before thee I,
Amongst the other horsemen passed by:
And now my age doth even beare the blame,
Of those things which my younger yeares did frame.
My faulty bookes are now reveng'd at last,
And I am punisht for a fault that's past.
Yet all my workes are not so light and vaine,
Sometimes I lanch'd into the deeper maine.
And in six bookes *Romes* Holidayes have shew'd,
Where with the Moneth each Volumes doth conclude,
And to thy sacred name did dedicate
That worke, though left unperfekt by my fate:
Besides, I stately Tragedies have writ,
And with high words the Tragicke stile did fit:
Besides, of changed shapes my Muse did chant,
Though they my last life-giving hand did want.
And would thy anger were but so appeas'd,
As that to reade my verse thou wouldst be pleas'd:
My verse, where from the infant birth of things,
My Muse her worke unto thy owne time brings.
Thou shouldst behold the strength of every line,
Wherein I strive to praise both thee and thine.
Nor are my verses mingled so with gall,
As that my lines should be Satyricall.
Amongst the vulgar people none yet found,
Themselves once toucht; my Muse my selfe doth wound.
Therefore each generous mind I doe beleeve,
Will not rejoyce, but at my ill fate grieve:
Nor yet will triumph o're my wretched state,

Who

Lib. 3.

Who ne're was proud even in my better fate.
O therefore let these reasons change thy minde,
That in distresse I may thy favour finde :
Not to returne, though that perhaps may be,
When thou in time at last maist pardon me.
But I intreate thee to remove me hence,
To safer exile fitting my offence.



LIB. III.

*The Booke doth to the Reader shew,
That he is loath to come to view :
And tels how he was entertaind
By some, while others him disdaind.*

I Am that Booke who fearefully doe come,
Even from a banisht man to visit Rome :
And comming weary from a forraigne land,
Good Reader let me rest within thy hand.
Doe not thou feare or be asham'd of me,
Since no love verses in this paper be.
My Master now by fortune is oppressd,
It is no time for him to write in jest,
Though in his youth he had a wanton vaine,
Yet now he doth condemne that worke againe.
Behold ! here's nothing but sad mourning lines,
So that my verse agreeth with his times.
And that my second verse is lame in strength,
Short feete doe cause it, or the journeys length.
Nor are my rough leaves cover'd o're with yellow;
For I my Authors fortune meane to follow.

And

Tristium.

And though some blors my clearer letters staine,
Know that my authors teares did make the same.
If thou my language scarcely understand,
Know that he writ me in a barbarous land.
Therefore good Reader teach me where to goe,
Some place of rest unto a strange booke show,
This having said with words which grieve made slow,
One ready was the way to me to show.
I thank him, and did pray the gods that he,
Might like my master, never banish be.
Leade on, and I will follow by thy hand,
Though I am tyr'd with passing sea and land.
He did consent, and as we went, quoth he,
This is the holy streete which thou dost see.
Here's *Vestaes* Temple that keepe holy fire,
Here *Nama's* lofty pallace doth aspire:
Here is *Evanders* gate, and now you come,
Vnto that place where they first builded Rome.
And then quoth I, this is the house of *love*,
This oaken crowne doth my conjecture prove.
He told me it was *Cæsars*, nay then, quoth I,
I see great *love* dwels here in Majesty,
Yet why does *Bayes* upon the gates appeare?
And thus incircle *Cæsars* statue here?
Is it because his house doth merit praise?
And is beloved of the god of *Bayes*.
Or doth it now denote a festivall?
In token of that peace he gives to all.
Or as the *Lawrell* evermore is greene,
So still his house most flourishing hath beene.
Or doe those letters on the wreath engrav'd,
Shew that the City by his power was sav'd.
Oh *Cæsar* save one Citizen at last,
Who now into the utmost world is cast.

Where

Lib. 3.

Where he sad punishment doth still sustaine,
Which he by error onely did obtaine.
Alasse while I view Cæsars pallace here,
My letters seeme to quake with trembling feare.
Dost thou not see my paper does looke pale,
And how my trembling feete begin to faile?
I pray that this same house which now I see,
May to my master reconciled be.
From thence we to *Apollos* temple went,
To which by steps there is a faire ascent:
Where stand the signes in faire outlandish stone,
Of *Belus* and of *Palammed* the sonne.
There ancient bookes, and those that are more new,
Doe all lye open to the Readers view.
I sought my brethren there, excepting them,
Those haplesse birth my father doth condemne.
And as I sought, the chiefe man of that place,
Bid me be gone out of that holy space.
I went to Temples to the Theater joyn'd,
But here no entertainment could I find.
Nor could I come unto the outward yard,
Which unto learned bookes is not debar'd,
We are heires unto misfortune by descent,
And we his children suffer banishment.
Perhaps when time doth Cæsars wrath subdue,
He will to him and us some favour shew.
Since for the peoples helpe I doe not care,
O Cæsar hearken to my earnest prayer.
Since publicke stals are unto me deny'd,
In some private corner I my selfe may hide.
And you *Plebeians* take in hand againe,
My verses which you once repuls'd with shame.

Tristium.

*In Swan-like Tunes he doth deplore
His exile, and knocks at the dore
Of Death, desiring hasty fate,
His wretched life would terminate.*

ELEGIE II.

WAs it my fate that I should *Seyhia* see,
And the land whose Zenith is the Axeltree?
And would not you sweete Muses nor *Apollo*,
Helpe me, who did your holy rites still follow?
Could not my harmelesse verses me excuse,
And life more serious than my jesting Muse?
But that I must when I the seas had past,
Vnto the Ponticke land be brought at last.
And I that still my selfe from care withdrew,
Loving soft ease, and no rough labour knew:
Having past great dangers both by sea and land,
Here worst of miseries is by me sustain'd.
Yet I endure these evils, for I find.
My body doth receive strength from my mind:
And in my passage to my sad exile,
I with my study did my cares beguile.
But when I did my journeyes end attaine,
And that unto the hated shore I came,
Then from mine eyes a showre of teares did flow,
Like water running from the melted snow.
And then my house and *Rome* comes in my mind,
And every thing that I had left behind.
Alasse that I should knocke still at the grave,
To be let in, yet can no entrance have.

Why

Lib. 3:

Why have I still escaped from the sword,
Could not the Sea to me a death afford?
You gods who constant are in your just ire,
And doe with Cæsar in revenge conspire,
I doe beseech you hasten on my fate,
And bid death open unto me the gate.

*He lets his wife here understand,
Of his sicknesse in a forraine land:
Then writes his Epitaph. with intent,
To make his bookes his monument.*

ELEGIE III.

THAT this my Letter by a strangers hand
Is writ, the cause my sicknesse understand.
For in the worlds farthest part I lye,
Sicke and uncertaine of recovery.
What comfort can within that climate shine,
On which the Getes and Sauramats confine?
My nature does not with the soyle agree,
The ayre and water doe seeme strange to me.
My shelter poore, my dyet here is bad,
No health-restoring Physicke can be had.
No friend to comfort me, who will assay,
With some discourse to passe the time away.
But here upon my bed of sicknesse cast,
I thinke of many things which now are past.
And thou my dearest wife above the rest,
Dost hold the chiefeest place within my brest:
Thy absent name is mentioned still by me,
And every day and night I thinke on thee.

Some.

Tristium.

Sometimes I speake things without sence or wit,
That I may name thee in my franticke fit.
If I should swound, and that no hearing wine,
Could give life to this faultring tongue of mine
To heare of thy approach would make me live,
Thy very presence would new vgor give,
Thus I most doubtfull of my life am growne,
But thou perhaps liv'st merrily at home.
No, I dare say, that thou my deereft wife,
Dost in my absence leade a mourning life.
Yet if the number of my yeares be done,
And that my hasty thred of life is spun :
You gods you might with ease have let me have,
Within my native land a happy grave.
If that you would have let my death prevent
My fatall journey unto banishment ;
Then had I dy'd in my integrity,
But now I here a banisht man must dye.
And shall I here resigne my weary breath,
The place makes me unhappy in my death.
Vpon my bed I shall not fall asleepe,
And none vpon my coffin here shall weepe.
Nor shall my wifes teares while that they doe fall
Vpon my face, me unto life recall.
I shall not make my will, nor with sad cries,
No friendly hand shall close my dying eyes.
Without a Tombe or Funerall I shall be,
While as the barbarous earth doth cover me,
Which when thou hearst, be not with griefe oppress.
Nor doe not thou for sorrow beare thy brest.
Why shouldst thou wring thy tender hands in vaine,
Or call vpon thy wretched husbands name ?
Teare not thy cheekes, nor cut thy haire for me.
For I am not (good wife) now tooke from thee.

When

Lib. 3.

When I was banisht then I dy'd, alas,
 For banishment than death more heavy was,
 Now I would have thee to rejoyce (good wife)
 Since all my griefe is ended with my life.
 And beare thy sorrowes with a valiant heart:
 Mishaps have taught thee how to play thy part,
 And with my body may my soule expire,
 That so no part may scape the greedy fire,
 For if to *Pythagoras* we may credit give,
 Who saith the soule eternally doth live:
 My soule 'mongst the *Sarmaticke* shades shall stray,
 And to the cruell ghosts ne're finde the way,
 Yet let my ashes be put in an Urne,
 So being dead I shall againe returne.
 This lawfull is, the *Theban* being dead,
 His loving sister saw him buried.
 And let sweete powders round my bones be laid,
 And so unto some secret place conuaid;
 Graving these verses on a Marble stone,
 In letters to be read by every one.
 " *Ovid that did write of wanton love,*
 " *Lye here, my verse my overthrow did proove.*
 " *Thou that hast beene in love and passest by,*
 " *Pray still that Ovids bones may softly lye.*
 This Epitaph shall suffice, since my bookes be,
 A farre more lasting monument to me.
 Which though they hurt me, yet shall raise my name,
 And give their Author everlasting fame.
 Yet let thy love in funerall gifts be shew'd,
 And bring sweete Garlands with thy teares be-dew'd:
 Those ashes which the funerall fire shall leave,
 Will in their Urne thy pious love perceive,
 More would I write, but that my voyce is spent,
 Nor can my dry tongue speake what I invent,

Tristium

Then take my last words to thee; live in health;
Which though I send to thee, I want my selfe.

*Ovid doth his friend advise,
A life of greatnesse to despise:
Since thunder doth the hill assaile,
While quiet peace lives in the dale.*

EL E G I E I I I I.

MY alwayes dearest friend, but then most knowne,
When I by adverse fortune was orethrowne;
If thou wilt take the counsell of a friend,
Live to thy selfe, doe not too high ascend.
Since thunder from the highest tower doth come;
Live to thy selfe, and glittering titles shunne.
For though the beames of greatnesse may us warme,
Yet greatest men have greatest power to harme.
The naked sayle yard feares no stormes at all,
And greatest sayles more dangerous are than small:
The floting corke upon the waves doth swimme,
While heavy Lead doth sinke the Net therein.
Of these things had some friend admonisht me,
Perhaps I had beene still at Rome with thee.
While as a gentle wind did drive me on,
My boat through quiet streames did runne along.
He that by chance doth fall upon the plaine,
He falleth so that he may rise againe.
But when *Epenor* from a high house fell,
His ghost went downe to *Pluto* king of hell.
Though *Dedalus* his wings did him sustaine,
Yet falling *Icarus* gave the sea his name;

Because

Lib. 3.

Because that he flew high, the other low.
While both of them their wings abroad did throw :
The man that unto solitude is bent,
Doth live most happy if he be content,
Eumenes of his sonne was not deprived,
Vntill that he *Achilles* horses guided :
And *Phaethon* had not dyed in the flame,
If that his father could his will restraine.
Then feare thou still to take the higher way,
And in thy course draw in thy sayles I pray.
Thou worthy art to live most fortunate,
And to enjoy a candide happy fate.
Thy gentle love deserves these prayers of mine,
Since thou didst cleave to me in every time :
I saw how that thy grieve for me was showne,
Even in thy lookes most like unto my owne.
I saw thy teares which on my face did fall,
And with my teares I drunke thy words withall :
Now to thy absent friend thou yeeld'st releefe,
Thereby to lighten this my heavy grieve :
Live thou unenvy'd, honour crowne thy end,
For thou art worthy of a noble friend.
And love thy *Ovids* name which cannot be,
Banisht though *Scythia* now containeth me :
For me a land neare to the Beare doth hold,
Whereas the earth is frozen up with cold.
Here *Bosphorus* and *Tanais* doe remaine,
And places which have scarcely any name.
Vnhabitable cold doth dwell beyond,
For I am neare unto the farthest land.
My countrey and my wife are absent farre,
And with them two all things that dearest are.
Yet though with them I cannot present be,
Within my fancy I their shape doe see.

Tristium.

My house, the City stand before my eyes,
And all my actions in their place doe rise.
My wifes deere Image doth it selfe present,
Which doth encrease and lighten discontent.
Her absence griveth me, but then againe,
My comfort is she constant doth remaine.
And you my friends doe cleave unto my brest,
Whose names I wish by me might be exprest.
But wary feare doth my desire restraine,
And you I thinke doe even with the same.
For though that heretofore you pleased were,
When as your names did in my verse appeare :
Yet now I talke with you within my brest,
Nor shall your feares by my verse be encrease.
Nor shall my verse disclose a secret friend,
Love secretly, and love me to the end :
And know though we by absence be disjoynd,
Yet you are alwayes present in my mind.
Then strive to ease those griefes which I sustaine,
And lend your hand to helpe me up againe.
So may your fortune prosperous remaine,
And never have just cause to aske the same.

*By a fained name he doth commend,
One Carus that had beene his friend :
And then doth mitigate his fault,
Since error him to ruine brought.*

ELEGIE V.

MY use of friendship with thee was but small,
And if thou wilt, thou maist say none at all :

But

Lib. 3.

But that thy love most faithfull I did finde,
When as my ship sayl'd with a prosperous winde,
When once I fell, then all did shun my wracke,
And all my friends on me did turne their backe.
Yet thou when I was stricken with *loves* flame,
Didst visite me and to my house then came :
And in thy fresh acquaintance thou didst show,
More love than all my ancient friends would doe.
I saw thy amazed count' nance at that time,
Thy face bedewd with teares more pale than mine.
And seeing teares to fall at each word, my cares
Did drinke thy words, my mouth did drinke thy teares :
Thou didst embrace my necke, and then betwixt
Some loving kisses with thy sighes were mixt.
Now absent thou defendest me againe,
Thou knowest that *Carus* is a fained name :
And many tokens of thy love appeare,
Which I in memory will ever beare.
The gods still make thee able to defend
Thy friends unto a farre more happy end.
To know how I doe live if thou require,
As it is likely that thou dost desire :
I have some hope, which doe not take from me,
That those offended powers will pleased be.
Which being vaine, or if it may befall,
Doe thou allow my hope though it be small.
Bestow thy eloquence upon that theame,
To shew it may fall out as I doe meane.
The greatest men are placable in wrath,
A generous mind a gentle anger hath.
When Beasts unto the Lyon prostrate lye,
He ends the combat with his enemy.
But Wolves and Beares their yeelding foes doe kill,
And the inferiour beasts are cruell still.

Tristium.

Who like *Achilles*? yet even he appears,
To be much mov'd with *Dardanus* sad teares,
Emathions clemency is best declar'd,
Even by those funerall rites which he prepar'd.
And that I may not mans calm'd anger show,
Even *Juno's* sonne in law was once her foe.
Lastly, I needs must hope, since at this time,
I am not punisht for a hainous crime.
I did not plot against great *Cæsars* life,
To ruine him by sowing civill strife:
I never yet did raile against the time,
Or spake against him in my cups of wine:
But am punisht for beholding of a fault,
Which I through ignorance beheld, unsought.
Yet all my fault I cannot well defend,
Though in part thereof I did no ill intend.
So that I hope that he will pleased be,
To grant an easier banishment to me.
I wish the morning starre that brings the day,
Would bring this newes and quickly post away.

*His friends fidelity he doth praise,
And to excuse himselfe assaies:
Desiring if he have any grace
At Rome, to use it in his case.*

ELEGIE VI.

O V^r league of friendship thou wilt not conceale,
Or if thou wouldst, it would it selfe reveale.
For while we might, none was more deare to me,
And I doe know I was belov'd of thee.

And

And this our love was to the people knowne,
 So that our love more than our selves was knowne :
 The candor of thy minde is easily seene,
 Of him who for thy friend thou dost esteeme,
 Thou nothing from my knowledge didst conceale,
 And I my secrets did to thee reveale :
 For all my heart and secrets thou didst know,
 Except that which wrought my overthrow.
 Which hadst thou knowne, thou wouldst have counsell
 So well that I should never banish be. (me)
 But 'twas my fate drew on my punishment,
 And crossed me in any good intent.
 Yet whether that I might this evill shunne,
 And reason cannot fortune overcome :
 Yet thou to me my old acquaintance art,
 And of my love thou holdst the greatest part.
 Be mindfull then, and if thou gracious be
 At Court, then try what thou canst doe for me,
 That Caesar being unto mildnesse bent,
 May change the place of my sad punishment ;
 Even as I did no wickednesse devise,
 Since that my fault from error did arise,
 It would be tedious nor safe to unfold,
 By what chance these eyes did that act behold,
 Such shamefull deeds as doe the eare affright,
 Should be concealed in eternall night.
 I must confesse therefore my former fault,
 Yet no reward by my offence I sought :
 And for my fault I may my folly blame,
 If to my fault thou wilt give a true name.
 If this be false, then further banish me,
 These places like unto Romes Suburbs be.

Tristium.

The Letter here be doth command,
To flye unto *Perbillas* hand:
And sheweth that the Muses give
Immortall fame which still shall live.

ELEGIE VII.

Goe thou my Letter being writ so fast,
And to salute *Perbella* make thou haste:
To sit hard by her mother thee still uses,
Or else to be amongst her bookes and Muses:
What ere she does when she knowes thou art come,
Sheele aske thee how I doe that am undone;
Tell her I live, but wish I did not so,
Since length of time can never ease my woe.
Yet to my Muse I now returned am,
Making my words in verse to flow againe:
And aske her why she doth her minde apply,
To common studies not sweete Poesy.
Since nature first did make thee chaste and faire,
Giving thee wit with other things most rare.
I first to thee the Muses spring did show,
Least that sweet water should at waste still flow,
For in thy virgin yeares thy wit I spy'd,
And was as 'twere thy father and thy guide.
Then if those fires still in thy breast doe dwell,
There's none but *Lesbia* that can thee excell;
But I doe feare that since I am overthrowne,
That now thy breast is dull and heavy growne:
For while we might we both did reade our lines,
I was thy judge and master oftentimes.

And

Lib. 3?

And to thy verse I an eare would lend,
And make thee blush, when thou didst make an end.
And yet perhaps it may be thou dost shunne,
All bookes because my ruine thence did come;
Feare not *Perhilla*, but all feare remove,
So that thy writings doe not reach to love:
Then learned maid no cause of sloath still frame,
But to thy sacred art returne againe.
That comely face will soone be spoild with yeares,
While aged wrinckles in thy brow appeares.
Old age will lay hold on thy outward grace,
Which commeth on still with a silent pace.
To have beene faire it will a grieve then be,
And thou wilt thinke thy glasse doth flatter thee.
Thy wealth is small, though thou deservest more,
But yet suppose thou hadst of wealth great store:
Yet fortune when she lists doth give and take,
And of rich *Craesus* she can *Irus* make.
All things are subject to mortality,
Except the minde and ingenuity.
For though I want my countrey, friends, and home,
And all things tooke from me that could be gon:
Yet still my Muses doe with me remaine,
And *Cæsar* cannot take away my vaine:
Who though he should me of my life deprive,
Yet shall my fame when I am dead survive.
While Rome on seaven hils doth stand in sight,
My workes shall still be read with much delight:
Then of thy study make this happy use,
To shunne the power of death even by thy muse.

*His countrey he desires to see,
If Cæsar would so pleased be.*

Then

Tristium.

Then mournfully he doth complaine,
And shewes what grieve he doth sustaine.

ELEGIE VIII.

I Wish I could *Triptolemus* waine ascend,
Who first did seede unto the earth commend:
Or guide *Medea's* Dragons through the ayre,
With which she once from *Corinth* did repaire;
I wish that I had *Perseus* wings to flye,
Or *Dedalus* his wings to cut the skie:
That while the ayre did yeeld unto my flight,
I might enjoy againe my Countries sight:
And see my poore forsaken house againe,
My wife, and those few friends that doe remaine,
But why dost thou so foolishly require,
When thou canst ne're attaine to thy desire?
In stead of wishes unto *Cæsar* send,
And strive to please him whom thou didst offend.
If he repeale thy banishment, his word,
Can give thee wings to flye like to a bird.
Perhaps when once his wrath doth milder grow;
He to my sute will then some favour show:
And I beseech him now in the meane time,
Some easier place of exile to assigne.
This ayre and climate both contrary be,
Continuall sicknesse seazeth here on me.
Either my sicke minde makes my body ill;
Or else the ayre doth some disease instill.
Since I to *Pontus* came, each night I dreame,
I doe distaste my meate, my limbs grow leane.
Like that pale colour which in leaves is seene,
When they by Autumns frost have nipped beene:
So doe I looke being pin'd away with grieve,
Haying no friend to yeeld me some reliefe,

For

Lib. 3.

For I am sicke in body and in minde,
In both of which I equall paine doe finde.
Me thinkes my fortune stands before my eyes,
In a sad shape repleat with miseries.
When I behold the people and the place,
Comparing pastime with my present case:
Then I am willing to resigne my breath,
Wishing I had beene punished with death:
But yet since that he was more milder bent,
Let him now grant me milder banishment.

Ovid briefly doth explaine,
How Tomos first did get that name.

ELEGIE IX.

ARE here some Cities (who can it beleeeve)
That from the Greekes did first their names receive?
While husbandmen even from Miletus came,
And mongst the Getes did græcian houses frame,
Yet this same place doth anciently retaine,
Still from *Absyrus* murder this same name:
For in that ship which *Pallas* name did beare,
And in those unknowne Seas her course did steare,
While fierce *Medea* from her father fled,
Vnto these shoares her fatall sayles shee spread:
Which from a hill one viewing on the land,
Cries out, *Medea's* sayles doe hither stand.
The *Mynie* trembled, and without delay,
Vntie their ropes and all their anchors waigh:
While that *Medea* strooke her guilty brest,
With that same hand which had in blood beene drest.

And

Tristium.

And though her former courage did remaine,
Yet still her blood in palenesse went and came,
But when she saw the sayles, we are betray'd
Quoth she, my fathers course must be delayd,
By some new Art: while thus she doth devise,
By fatall chance, her brother she espies.
And having spy'd him, now quoth she tis done,
For from his death my safety now shall come.
And with a sword she ran him through the side,
Who little thought by her hand to have dy'd.
Then reares his Limbes in peeces, and on the ground,
She scatters them that so they may be found
In many places: and that her father may
Not passe by it, she places in the way
His bleeding head, and both his pale cold hands,
Which set upon a rocke before him stands.
And while that horrid sight did stop her father,
He stayd his course those scattered limbs to gather.
Whence *Tomos* got that name, because that here,
Medea first her brothers limbes did teare.

*Ovid lively doth describe,
The Countrey where he doth abide:
Which in this short mappe you may view,
Which he in banishment then drew.*

ELEGIE X.

IF any yet doe thinke of *Nasoes* name,
Which yet within the City doth remaine:
Know that I live within a barbarous land,
Which neere unto the Northerne pole doth stand.

The

Lib. 3.

The *Sauromates* and *Getes* doe hemme me in,
 Whose ruder names my verse doe not besee me.
 While the ayre is warme, we then defended are,
 By *Isler* whose faire streame keepes backe the warre:
 But when that *Boreas* once doth flye abroad,
 Those Countreyes he with heavy snow doth loade.
 Nor doth the snow dissolve by Sunne or raine,
 But the Northwinde doth make it still remaine:
 New snow doth fall on that which fell before,
 While that the earth is doubly covered o're.
 Such is the Northwinds force when it doth blow,
 That Towers and houses it doth overthrow.
 The people weare short mantles 'gainst the cold,
 So that their faces you can scarce behold;
 From their Icy haire a ruffling sound is heard,
 A hoary frost doth shine upon their beard.
 The frozen wine doth keepe the vessels shape,
 And in stead of draughts, they peeeces of it take,
 Of Rivers frozen, what should I here tell?
 Or yet of water digged from the well:
 For *Isler* which with *Nile* may equall be,
 Whose many mouthes doe fall into the Sea,
 His blue waves hidden o're with ice doth keepe,
 And so unseene into the Sea doth creepe.
 Where ships did sayle, their feete they now doe set,
 And on the ice the horses hoofe doth beat.
 The *Sarmatian* Oxen draw their waggons over,
 New bridges which the running water cover:
 'Tis strange, yet lying brings me no reward,
 And therefore my report you may regard.
 We have seene when as the ice the sea did cover,
 While that a shell of ice did glaze it over:
 And on the frozen sea have often gone,
 While with a dry foote we could walke thereon.

And

Tristium.

And had *Leander* such a shoare descri'd;
Then in that narrow Sea he had not dy'd.
The crooked Dolphins cannot then repaire,
Vnto the upper waves to take the ayre:
And though that *Boreas* blustering wings were heard,
Yet no waves in the frozen sea appeard.
The ships were frozen up that there did ride,
Nor could the Oares the stifned waves diuide.
We have seene the fish within the ice lye bound,
While that in some of them some life was found.
If *Boreas* therefore with too powerfull force,
Doe freeze the Sea or stop the Rivers course:
When *Ister* by dry winds is once congeald,
The barbarous foe no longer is conceald.
Who skilfull in their horsemanship and Bow,
Doe waste the countrey wheresoe they goe.
While some doe flye, and none defend the fields,
Their unkept wealth some little pillage yeelds.
Their riches is their cattle and their waines,
And that which their poore Cottages contains:
And some that by the foe are captive tooke,
Doe leave their countrey with a back-cast looke.
Some by the barbed arrowes here doe die,
Who with their poysoned heads doe swiftly flye.
That which they cannot take they spoile the same,
And make their harmelesse Cottages to flame:
When they have peace they stand in feare of warre,
So that the fields by no man ploughed are.
The grape is not hid in the leavy shade,
Nor are the vessels filld with wine new made.
Acontius could not here an Apple finde,
To write unto his sweet-heart in the rinde:
Here the naked fields have neither lease nor tree,
For its a place markt out for misery.

And

And though the world hath such a large extent,
This land is found out for my punishment.

*Sweete Ovid is enforc'd to write,
Gainst one who raild at him in spite :
Whom mildly here he doth reprove,
And unto pittie doth him move.*

ELEGIE. XI.

THou that my sad misfortune dost contemne,
And cruelly dost alwayes me condemne,
Wert nursed on the rockes by some wilde beast,
And I may say, thou hast a flinty brest.
O whither can thy wrath extended be,
Or what is wanting to my misery ?
The barbarous shores of *Pontus* me enfold,
And here the Northerne Beare I doe behold.
The peoples speech I understand not here,
And every place is full of carefull feare.
For as the Hart pursu'd by Beares doth shake,
Or as a Lambe hemm'd in by wolves doth quake ?
So when these nations doe me round enclose,
I am afraid being compass'd in with foes.
Suppose it were no punishment to me,
Of wife and children thus depriv'd to be :
Though nothing troubled me but *Cæsars* wrath,
Sufficient punishment his anger hath.
Yet there are some who handles my greene wounds,
And to speake against me have let loose their tongues.
In an easie matter every one can speake,
And little strength a bruised thing can breake,

Tristium.

It shews some strength to throw downe wals which stand,
When falling Towers yeeld to the weakest hand.
Why dost thou persecute my empty shade?
Or why dost thou my grave with stones invade?
Though *Hector* in the warres did shew his force,
It was not *Hector* that behind a horse
Was drawne about? nor am I now the same,
And nothing but my shadow doth remaine:
Why dost thou raile on me with words so foule?
I pray thee doe not seeke to vex my soule.
Suppose my faults were true, my chiefest fault,
Was not by wickednesse but error wrought:
Then glut thy anger with my punishment,
For we are sent to grievous banishment.
A murtherer would lament my unhappy fate,
Thou thinkst me not enough unfortunate.
More cruell then *Busiris*, or that man,
Who first to make a brazen Bull began.
And on the *Sicilian* Tyrant it bestow'd,
While thus in words his Art to him he show'd
This worke O King may farre more usefull be
Than the outward shape doth seeme to promise thee.
For looke, the Bulls side may be open'd so,
That whom thou meanst to kill, thou needs but throw
Into his belly, and being clos'd therein,
Put fire beneath, and then he will begin
To roare, and make a groaning noyse as though
The brazen Bull it selfe began to Lowe:
Therefore to recompence my gift againe,
Let my reward be equall to my paine.
Phalaris reply'd, since that thou didst invent,
This cruell torment for a punishment:
Thou first shalt feele it, and so being throwne
Into the Bull, he there began to groane.

Lib. 3.

But from *Sicilia* I returne againe,
 Of thee that railest on me I must complaine :
 If thou desirest to quench thy thirst with blood,
 And that to heare my grieve would doe thee good :
 I have suffer'd so much both by sea and land,
 That thou wouldst grieve the same to understand,
Vlysses was not in so great distresse,
 Since *Neptunes* anger is than *Ioves* farre lesse.
 Then doe not thou rip up my faults againe,
 And from my bleeding wound thy hands refraine,
 Let time my former fault in darkenesse cover,
 That this same wound may once be skinned over.
 Sith Fortune throwes downe whom she doth advance,
 Be thou afraid of her uncertaine chance.
 And since thou hast a great desire to pry,
 And wouldst be glad to know my misery :
 My fortune is of misery most full,
 For *Cæsars* wrath all ill with it doth pull.
 And if thou thinkst I doe the same augment,
 I wish that thou mightst feele my punishment.

*Though it be Spring-time every where,
 No Spring in Tomos doth appeare :
 Which makes him pray here to be sent,
 Vnto some milder banishment.*

ELEGIE XII.

NOW *Zephyrus* warmes the ayre, the yeare is runne,
 And the long seeming winter now is done :
 The Ramme which bore faire *Hellen* once away,
 Hath made the darke night equall to the day.
 Now boyes and girles doe sweet *Violders* get,
 Which in the Countrey often grow unget ;

F

Faure

Tristium.

Faire colour'd flowers in the Meddowes spring,
And now the Birds their untaught notes doe sing :
The Swallow now doth build her little nest,
Vnder some beame, wherein her egges may rest.
The seede which long since in the ground was laid,
Is now shot forth into a tender blade.
And now young buds upon the vine appeare,
Although the *Geticke* shoare no tree doth beare.
Tis there vacation and the warres of Court
Doe now give place to Playes and other sport :
Now they doe tilt, and feates of armes assay,
Now with the ball and with the top they play.
Young men annointed now with oyle begin,
To bathe their limbs within the virgin spring :
The scene doth flourish, and new straines are found,
Which make the three Theaters to resound.
O foure times happy sure and more is he,
That to enjoy the City now is free.
But here I see the snow melt with the Sunne,
The undigged waters now begin to run :
The sea is not frozen, nor doth the swaine,
Over the *Isther* drive his creaking waine.
Yet when that any ships doe hither sayle,
And Anchor at our shoare, then without faile,
I run to the Master, and after salutation,
I aske him whence he comes, and of what nation,
And tis a wonder if he be not one,
That from some neighbour countrey then doth come :
From *Italy* few ships doe ever stand,
To come unto this haven-wanting land.
Whether his language Greeke or Latine be,
The latter is most welcome unto me :
If any from *Propentis* here arrive,
While a northwinde his spreading sayles doth drive :

He

Lib. 3.

He may enforme me of the common fame,
 And orderly he may relate the same :
 For of great Cæsars triumph I doe heare,
 And of those vowes to *love* performed were.
 And how rebelling *Germany* in the end,
 Beneath our Captaines feete her head did bend :
 He that shall tell me these things here exprest,
 I will invite him home to be my guest :
 Alas, does *Ovids* house alone now stand ?
 Being seated here within the *Stirian* land :
 May Cæsar make this house of mine to be,
 Onely an Inne of punishment to me.

*Against his birth-day he doth complaine,
 Which was now return'd in vaine.*

ELEGIE XII.

Behold my birth-day (for why was I borne ?)
 Doth vainely unto me againe returne,
 Hard hearted day, why dost thou still extend
 My yeares, to which thou should'st have put an end ?
 If thou hadst any care of me or shame,
 Thou wouldst not thus have followed me in vaine :
 But in that place have given me my dearch,
 Where in my childhood first I drew my breath.
 And with my friends that now at Rome doe dwell,
 Thou mightst at once have tooke thy last farewell.
 What's *Pontus* unto thee ? or art thou sent,
 By Cæsars wrath with me to banishment ?
 Dost thou expect thy wonted honour here ?
 While I a white robe on my shoulders weare :
 Or that faire garlands should environ round,
 The smoaking Altar with sweete incense crown'd ?

Tristium!

Offering such gifts as may besit the day,
While for thy prosperous returne I pray.
But now I doe not live in such a time,
That when thou com'st I should to mirth incline.
A funerall Altar doth become me now,
That may be stucke round with the cypresse bough.
Now incense to the gods were cast away,
While in my depth of griefe I cannot pray,
Yet one request upon this day ile name,
That to this place thou ne're returne againe,
Whilst in the farthest Ponticke shore I live,
Which falsely some the name of *Euxine* give.

*Here he writes unto his friend,
That he would his bookes defend.*

ELEGIE. XIII.

THOU chiefe of learned men, what maketh thee,
A friend unto my idle vaine to be?
When I was safe then thou my lines didst praise,
And being absent thou my fame dost raise,
And all my verses thou dost entertaine,
Except the Art of love which I did frame.
Since then thou lovest the new Poets straine,
Within the City still keepe up my name.
For I and not my bookes am banisht thence,
Which they could not deserve by my offence.
The father of 't is banished we see,
While as his children in the City be:
My verses now are like to *Pallas* borne,
Without a mother; and being so forlorne,
I send them unto thee, for they bereft
Of father, now unto thy charge are left.
Three sonnes of mine by me destroyed were,
But of the rest see that thou have a care,

And

Lib. 3.

And fiteene bookes of changed shapes there lyes,
Being raviſht from their maſters obſequies.
That worke I had unto perfection brought,
If that I had not my owne ruine wrought :
Which uncorrected now the people have.
If any thing of mine the people crave,
Let this among my other bookes now ſtand,
Being ſent unto thee from a forraigne land.
Which who ſo readeſ, let him but waigh againe,
The time and place wherein I did it frame :
He will pardon me when he ſhall underſtand,
That I was baniſht in a barbarous land.
And will admire that in my adverſe time,
With a ſad hand I could draw forth a line,
Miſfortunes have depriv'd me of my ſtraine,
Although before I ne're had a rich vaine.
Yet whatſoere it was, even now it lyes,
Dried up for want of any exerciſe :
Here are no bookes to feede me with delight,
But in ſtead of bookes the bows doe me afright.
Here's none to whom I may my lines reherſe,
That can both heare and underſtand my verſe.
I have no place where I may walke alone,
But with the Geres ſhut up in wals of ſtone :
Sometimes I aſke for ſuch a places name,
But there is none can answer me againe.
And when I faine would ſpeake, I muſt confeſſe,
I want fit words my minde for to expreſſe.
The *Scythian* language doth my eare affright,
So that the *Geticke* tongue I ſure could write :
I feare leaſt you within this booke ſhould ſee,
That Ponticke words with Latine mingled be.
Yet reade it, and thereto a pardon give,
When thou conſiderſt in what ſtate I live.



LIB. IV;

*To excuse his bookes he doth begin,
And shewes how his Muse did comfort him.*

ELEGIE I.

IF any faults are in these bookes of mine,
Have them excused Reader by their time.
I sought no fame, but onely some reliefe,
That so my minde might not thinke on her griefe.
Even as the Ditcher bound with fetters strong,
Will lighten heavy labour with a song :
And he will sing that with a bended side,
Doth draw the slow boate up against the tide :
And he that at the Oare doth tug with paine,
Doth sing while he puts backe his Oare againe.
The weary Shepherd sitting on a hill,
Doth please his sheepe with piping on his quill :
And every Maid within the Countrey bred,
Will sing while sho is drawing forth her thred.
Achilles being sad for *Brisis* losse,
The *Hæmonian* harpe did soften that same crosse.
While *Orpheus* for his wife much griefe did shew,
With his sweete tunes the woods and stones he drew.
So did my Muse delight me as I went,
And bore me company in my banishment.
She feard no treachery, nor the Souldiers hand.
Nor yet the wind, or sea, or barbarous land.

She

Lib. 4:

Shee knew what error first my ruine brought,
 And that there was no wickednesse in my thought:
 And since from her my fault did first proceed,
 Shee is made guilty with me of that deed.
 Yet still the feare of harme me so affrights;
 I scarce dare touch the Muses holy rites.
 But now a sudden fury doth me move,
 And being hurt by verse, yet verse I love.
 Even as *Ulysses* tooke delight to taste,
 The lote tree which did hurt him at the last.
 The Lover fees his losse, yet does delight
 In it, and seeks to feede his appetite.
 So bookes delight me which did me confound,
 Loving the Dart which gave me this same wound.
 Perhaps this study may a fury seeme,
 And yet to many it hath usefull beene.
 It makes the minde that it cannot retaine,
 Her grieve in sight, but doth forget the same.
 As she ne're felt the wound which *Bacchus* gave,
 But wildly on the Idean hills did rave:
 So when a sacred fire my brest doth warme,
 My higher fancy doth all sorrow scorne.
 It fees no banishment, or *Ponticke* shore,
 Nor thinks the gods are angry any more:
 And as if I should drinke dull *Lethes* water,
 I have no sence of any sorrow after.
 Needs must those goddes then honour'd be.
 Who from their *Hellicon* did come with me.
 And for to follow me they still did please,
 Either by foote, by shipping, or by seas.
 And may they gracious unto me abide,
 Since that the gods are all on *Cæsars* side:
 While those griefes which they heape on me are more,
 Then fish in seas, or sands upon the shoare.

Tristium.

The flowers in spring-time thou maist sooner tell,
Or Autumns apples, or the snow that fell,
Then all my griefes being tossed too and fro,
While I unto the *Euxine* shore doe goe:
Where come I found no change of misery,
As if ill fortune still did follow me.
My thred of life in one course here doth runne,
Of blacke and dismall wooll this thred is spunne.
Though I omit my dangers and my griefe,
I have seene much miseries as are past beleefe.
Amongst the barbarous *Getes* how can he live?
To whom the people once such praise did give,
How grievous is it to be lookt within,
A walled Towne, and yet scarce safe therein?
For in my youth all warre I did detest,
And never handled weapons but in jest.
Now in my hands a sword and shield I beare,
And on my gray haire I a helmet weare.
For when the watchman standing in his place,
Doth give some signe, then all doe arme apace.
The enemy with his poyson'd shafts and bow,
On their proud Steeds about the walls doe goe:
And as the Wolfe doth beare a sheepe away,
Into the woods, which from the fold did stray:
So those that once are strayed beyond the gate,
The foe comes on them, and doth take them straight.
Then like a captive they his necke doe chaine,
Or else with poyson'd arrowes he is slaine.
In this place I a dweller am become,
Alasse my time of life too slow doth runne,
Yet to my verse I doe returne againe.
My friendly Muse doth me in griefe sustaine:
Yet there is none to whom I may recite
My verse, or heare the Latine which I write,

Lib. 4.

But to my selfe I doe both write and reade,
And then to judge my selfe I doe proceede.
Oft I have said why doe I take this vaine?
Or shall the *Geres* delight in *Ovids* name?
Oft while I writ my eyes to weeping set,
And every letter with my teares is wet;
And then my heart renewes her grieve againe,
While on my bosome, showres of reares doe raine,
When as my former state comes in my thought,
Thinking to what my fortune hath me brought,
Oft my mad hand, even angry with my vaine,
Hath cast my verses into the quicke flame.
Then since of many, these few doe remaine,
Who e're thou art, with pardon reade the same.
And Rome doe thou take in good part each line,
Though each verse be no better than my time.

*He grieues that he could not present be,
At the triumph of conquer'd Germany.*

ELEGIE II.

NOW haughty *Germany* (as the world hath done)
May kneele to *Cæsar*, being overcome,
Now the high pallaces are with garlands dight,
And smoking incense turns the day to night.
Now the white sacrifice by the axe is slaine,
And with his purple blood the earth doth staine.
And both the conquering *Cæsars* doe prepare,
To give the gods those gifts which promis'd were.
And all the young men borne under his name,
Doe pray that still his progeny may raigne.
And *Livia*, since the gods her sonne did save,
Presents those gifts which they deserve to have,

The

Tristium.

The Matrons, and those free from bad desire,
Who living Virgins, keepe the vestall fire:
The people, and the Senate too are glad,
And Gentry, mongst whom once a name I had.
These publicke joyes to me here are unknowne.
And but a weake report doth hither come.
But on these triumphs may the people looke,
And reade what towne were by such captaines tooke :
While as the captive Kings to encrease the show,
Before the plumed horses chained goe,
With countenances to their fortune chang'd,
Once terrible, now from themselves estrang'd.
While some desire their cause and names to know;
One knowing little thus describes the show.
He that in yonder purple robe doth shine,
Was captaine of the warre, and next to him,
He whose sad eyes fixt on the ground appeare,
Bore not that looke when he his armes did beare :
That cruell man whose eyes still burning are,
By counsell did incite them unto warre.
This fellow did false ambushments provide,
Whose shaggy haire his ugly face doth hide.
This fellow kild the captives which he tooke,
Although the gods such offerings did not brooke.
These Mountaines, Rivers, Castles, which you see;
Where filld with blood of men which slaughterd be:
Here *Drusus* did his honour first obtaine,
Being worthy of that house from whence he came.
Here *Rhene* with blood of men was colour'd over,
While no greene reedes his winding bankes did cover,
Behold how *Germany* with her long haire spred,
Sits at his feete who hath her conquered :
And to the *Romane* axe her necke doth yeeld,
Her hands being chain'd which once did beare a shield.
And

Lib. 4.

And above these Great Caesar thou art carryed,
Through all the people in thy conquering Chariot:
Thy subjects by loud shoors their love doe shew,
While all the way with sweetest flowers they strew:
Thy temples crowned with Phæbean bayes,
The souldier singeth *Io* to thy praise.
While thy foure Chariot horses by the way,
Heated with noyse doe often stop and stay.
Then to the Tower and Temples favouring thee,
Thou goest, where gifts to *Love* shall offerd be.
These things I can within my minde review,
For it hath power, an absent place to shew.
Through spacious lands it can most freely stray,
And unto heaven finde the ready way.
By helpe whereof the City I doe see,
That of this good I may partaker be.
It shewes the Ivory Chariots which doe shine,
So I shall be at home even for a time:
The happy people shall behold this sight,
And for to see their captaine take delight.
But I must see it by imagination,
My eares shall tast the fruit of the relation:
For being banisht to a forraigne land,
To tell me of it here is none at hand.
Yet he that this late triumph tels to me,
When ere I heare him I shall joyfull be:
And on that day no sorrow I will show,
For publicke joy exceeds a private woe.

*Ovid seemeth to speake here,
To the constellation of the Beare.*

E L E G I E. III.

YOU great and lesser beasts, whereof the one
Guides *Græcian* ships, the other *Sydonian* :

Which

Tristium.

Which from your poles view all things which you please,
And never set beneath the western Seas :
And while that you encompass in the skye,
Your circle from the earth is seene on high.
Looke on these walls, o're which as they report,
Ramus leapt over in his merry sport.
And looke with shining beames upon my wife,
And tell me if she leade a constant life.
Alas, why doubt I in a matter cleare?
Why doe I waver betweene hope and feare?
Belceve as thou desirest, that all is well.
Perswade thy selfe she doth in faith excell.
And what the fixed starres cannot unfold,
Tell to thy selfe and be thou thus resolv'd :
That as thou thinkest on her, so she againe
Doth thinke on thee, and with her keepes thy name :
And in her minde thy countenance doth review,
And while she lives that she her love will shew.
When thy griev'd minde doth on thy sorrow light,
Doth gentle sleepe forsake thy bosome quite ?
Doth thy cold bed renew thy cares afresh,
And make thee thinke on me in my distresse ?
Doe nights see me long while sorrowes inward burne,
Doe thy sides ake while thou dost often turne ?
Yet I beleeve that now thou dost no lesse,
And that thy sorrow doth thy love expresse.
Thou griev'st no lesse than did that *Theban* wife,
To see brave *Hectors* body void of life,
Drawne by *Thessalian* horses ; yet I cannot tell,
What passion in thy minde I wish to dwell.
If thou art sad then I am griev'd for thee,
That of thy sorrow I the cause should be :
Yet gentle wife doe thou lament thy losses,
And use the time to thinke upon my crosses,

Weepe

Lib. 4.

Weepe for my fall, to weepe is some reliefe,
 For that doth ease and carry out our griefe.
 And would thou could'st lament my death, not life,
 That so by death I might have left my wife.
 Then in my countrey I had dyed, and dead,
 Thy teares upon my corpse had then beene shed,
 And thou had'st closd my eyes up with thy hand,
 While looking unto heaven they did stand :
 In an ancient Tombe my ashes had beene spred,
 And had beene buried where I first was bred.
 Lastly, I then had dyed without blame,
 But now my banishment is to me a shame.
 Yet wretched am I if thou blushest than,
 When thou art cal'd wife to a banisht man.
 Wretched am I if thou that name decline,
 Wretched am I if thou sham'st to be mine :
 Where is that time wherein thou took'st a pride,
 In *Ovids* name, and to be *Ovids* bride ?
 Where is that time wherein these words you spake,
 That you in being mine did pleasure take :
 Like a good wife in me you did delight,
 And love encreas'd my vallow in your sight.
 And unto you so pretious was I then,
 That you preferred me before all men :
 Then thinke it no disgrace that thou art nam'd
 My wife, for which thou maist be griev'd not sham'd.
 When rash *Capaneus* in the warres did fall,
Evadne blusht not at his fault at all.
 Though *Iupiter* did fire with fire suppress,
 Yet *Phaethon* was beloved ne're the lesse :
 And *Semele* did not lose old *Cadmus* love,
 Because she perisht by her suite to love.
 Then since that I am stricken with *Ioves* flame,
 Let not a crimson blush thy faire cheekes staine.

But

Tristium.

But with fresh courage rather me defend,
That for a good wife I may thee commend :
Shew now thy vertue in aduersity,
The way to glory through hard wayes doth lie.
Who would talke of *Hector*, had *Troy* happy beene,
For vertue in aduersity is seene.
Typhis Art failes when no waves are seene,
In health *Apollo's* Art hath no esteeme.
That vertue which before time lay conceal'd,
In trouble doth appeare, and is reveal'd.
My fortune gives thee scope to raise thy fame,
And by thy vertue to advance thy name.
Then use the time, for these unhappy dayes,
Doe open a faire way for to get praise.

*He writes to his friend in his distresse,
Whose name by signes he doth expresse.*

ELEGIE IIII.

O Friend though thou a Gentleman art borne,
Yet thou by vertue dost thy birth adorne.
Thy fathers courtesie shineth in thy minde,
And yet this courtesie is with courage joyn'd.
In thee thy fathers eloquence doth dwell,
Whom none could in the *Romane* Court excell.
Then since by signes I am enforc'd to name thee,
I hope for praising you, you will not blame me :
'Tis not my fault, your gifts doe it proclaime,
Be what you seeme, and I deserve no blame.
Besides, my love in verse exprest, I trust,
Shall not harme thee, since *Cesar* is most just ;
Our Countries father, and so milde that he,
Suffers his name within my verse to be.

Nor

Lib. 4.

Nor can he now forbid it if he would,
Cæsar is publicke, and a common good.
Jupiter sometimes lets the Poets praise
His acts, that so their wit his deeds may raise.
Thy case by two examples good doth seeme,
The one beleev'd a god, the other seene,
Or else Ile take the fault, and to it stand,
To say my Letter was not in thy hand.
Nor thus by writing have I newly err'd,
With whom by words I often have conferr'd.
Then friend lest thou be blam'd, thou needst not feare;
For it is I that must the envy beare.
For if you'l not dissemble a knowne truth,
I lov'd your father even from my youth.
And you know how he did approve my wit,
More than in my owne judgement I thought fit.
And oftentimes he would speake of my verse,
And grace them while he did the same rehearse.
Nor doe I give these faire words unto thee,
But to thy father who first loved me.
Nor doe I flatter: since my lives acts past
I can defend, except it be the last.
And yet my fault no wicked crime can be,
If that my griefes be not unknowne to thee.
It was an error brought me to this state,
Then suffer me now to forget my fate.
Breake not my wounds which yet scarce closed are,
Since rest it selfe can hardly helpe my care.
And though to suffer justly I am thought,
There was no wicked purpose in my fault.
Which Cæsar knowing, suffer'd me to live,
Nor to another my goods did he give.
And this same banishment perhaps shall cease,
When length of time his anger shall appease.

And

Tristium.

And now I pray he would me hence remove,
(If this request would not immodest prove.)
To some more quiet banishment, where I
Might live farre from the cruell enemy,
And such is Cæsars clemency that he
Would grant it, if some askt this boone for me.
The shores of the Euxine sea doe me containe,
Which heretofore the Axine they did name,
The seas are tossed with a blustering winde.
Nor can strange ships any safe harbour finde.
And round about blood eating men doe live,
Thus sea and land doe equall terror give.
Not farre off stands that cursed altar where,
All strangers to *Diana* offerd were.
These bloody kingdomes once King *Thoas* had,
Not envy'd nor desir'd, they were so bad.
Here the faire *Ipigenia* did devise,
To please her goddesse with this sacrifice :
Whither as soone as mad *Orestes* came,
Tormented with his owne distracted braine ;
And *Phoceus* with him his companion,
Who two in body, were in mind but one :
To this sad altar they were bound, which stood
Before a paire of gates embrou'd with blood :
Yet in themselves no feare of death they had,
But one friend for the others death was sad.
The Priest with faulchion drawne stood ready there,
With a course fillet bound about his haire.
But when she knew her brothers voyce, she came,
And did embrace him that should have beene slaine
And being glad she left the place, and then
She chang'd the rites, which *Dian* did contemne.
Vnto this farthest region I am come,
Which even gods and men doe likewise shunne.

These.

Lib. 42

These barbarous rites neare my countrey are maintain'd;
If a barbarous countrey may be *Ovids* land:
May those winds beare me backe, which tooke *Orestes*
When Cæsar is appeald for my offence. (hence,

*His grieve to his friend he doth reveale,
Whose name he on purpose doth conceale.*

ELEGIE V.

O Chiefest friend mongst those were loved of me,
The onely sanctuary to my misery.
By whose sweet speech my soule reviv'd againe,
As oyle powr'd in, revives the watching flame.
Who didst not feare a faithfull port to open,
And refuge to my ship with thunder broken:
With whose revenues I suppli'd should be,
If Cæsar had tooke my owne goods from me,
While violence of the time doth carry me,
Thy name's almost slipt out of memory?
Yet thou dost know't, and touched with the flame
Of praise dost wish thou mightst thy selfe proclaime;
If thou wouldst suffer it, I thy name would give,
And make them that they should thy fame beleieve;
I feare my gratefull verse should hurtfull be,
Or unseasonable honour should but hinder thee.
Since this is safe, rejoyce within thy minde,
That I remember thee that thou wert kinde;
And as thou dost, to helpe with Oares strive,
Till Cæsar pleas'd, some gentler wind arrive,
And still beare up my head which none can save;
But he that plung'd me in the stygian wave;
And which is rare, be constant to the end,
In every office of a stedfast friend.

Tristium.

So may thy fortune happily proceede,
That thou no helpe, but others thine may needes:
May so thy wife in goodnesse equall thee,
And in thy bed may discord seldome be:
May thy kindreds love be unto thee no other,
Than that was shew'd to *Castor* by his brother.
May so thy sonne be like thee, and in's prime,
By his carriage may they know him to be thine:
May thy daughter make thee a fatherlay to be,
And give the name of grandfather to thee.

*Though time all things doth asswage,
Yet his sorrow more doth rage:
So that being tyrd, at length,
To beare his griefe he had no strength.*

ELEGIE VI.

IN time the Oxe endures the labouring plough,
And to the crooked yooke his necke doth bow:
In time the horse doth to the raines submit,
And gently takes into his mouth the bit.
In time the *Affricke* Lions older grow,
Nor doe they still their former fiercenesse show.
Time makes the grape to swell untill the skinne
Can scarce containe the wine that is within.
Time brings the seede unto an eare at last,
And maketh apples to be sweete in taste.
Time weares the ploughshare that doth cut the clay,
The Adamant and Flint it weares away.
This by degrees fierce anger doth appease,
It lessens sorrow, and sad hearts doth ease.
Thus length of time can every thing impasse,
Except it be the burden of my care.

Since

Lib. 41

Since I was banisht corne hath twice beene threshed,
 The grapes have twice with naked feete beene prest:
 Yet in this time no patience can I gaine,
 My minde most freshly doth her griefe retaine,
 Even as old Oxen often shunne the yooke,
 And the horse will not be bridled that was broke:
 My present griefe is worse than that before,
 Which by delay encreases more and more.
 Present griefes better knowne than past griefes are,
 And being better knowne they bring more care.
 Besides tis something when we bring fresh strength,
 And are not tyr'd before with griefes sad length:
 The new wrestler on the yellow sand is stronger,
 Than he whose armes are tyr'd with striving longer:
 The unwounded Fencer better is than he,
 Within whose blood the weapons dyed be.
 A new built ship resists the windes fell power,
 When an old ones broken with the smallest shower:
 And we more patiently before did beare,
 Those sorrowes which by time increased are:
 Beleeve it, I grow faint and I am sure,
 My body will not long these griefes endure:
 My strength nor colour doth not now abide,
 And my leane skin my bones can scarcely hide.
 My body and my minde too is not well,
 Which on the thought of griefe doth alway dwell:
 The Citty and my friends both absent are,
 And wife, than whom ther's none to me so deare.
 But the *Scythians* and a rout of *Getes* here be,
 Both absent things and present trouble me:
 One hope there is which yeeldes me some releefe,
That death will give an end unto my griefe,

Tristium.

He doth here accuse his friend,
That no letters to him did send,

ELEGIE VII.

After cold winter twice the Sunne hath come,
And through the Fishes twice his journey runne:
Why was not thy right hand ready for to shew
Thy love by writing verses, though a few?
When I did open any letters scale,
Why did I hope it would thy name reveale?
I hope many a letter hath beene writ by thee,
Though none of them were yet delivered me.
I sooner will beleeye *Medusa's* head,
With snaky haire was round encompassed,
Or *scylla*, or *Chimeras* monstrous frame,
Lion and Serpent parted with a flame:
Or that the *Minotaure* hath ever beene,
Or *Cerberus* with his triple dogs face seene:
Or *Sphynx*, or *Harpies*, Gyants that had feete
Like Serpents, *Gyges*, or the *Centaures* fleete:
I will beleeye these things may sooner be,
Than that thou art chang'd and hast forgotten me.
For many Mountaines now twixt thee and I,
And many Rivers, Fields, and Seas doe lye.
And many things thy letters may prevent
From comming to us, which from thee were sent:
Overcome these lets by writing oft to us,
That I may not alwayes excuse thee thus.

Ovid grieves that he is sent,
In his old age to banishment.

ELEGIE. VII I.

MY temples like the Swans soft feathers are,
And white old age doth colour my blacke haire:

Now

Lib. 4.

Now idle age and weake yeares comming be,
And now to beare my selfe doth trouble me.
Now all my former labours I should end,
And without feare my life in quiet spend :
And now my minde should take her rest at leasure,
And in my study I should live at pleasure.
To my house and gods some honour I should grant,
And my fathers lands which now their master want,
That in my Nephewes or wives bosome I,
Within my Country might grow old and dye.
Thus formerly I hop't my age should end,
And thus I had deserv'd these yeares to spend :
The gods were not pleas'd, since I being tost
By tempests am in *Sarmatia* set at last.
The bruised ships are drawne into the Docks,
Least in the middle streame they should be broke :
Least the horse should shame his gotten victory past,
In the meddow he is put to graze at last.
The Souldier that's unfit his armes to beare,
Hangs up his armour which he once did weare :
So since with age my strength is now decreased,
It is time I should from labour be released.
It is no time in forraigne lands to stay,
Nor at a Geticke spring my thirst to allay :
But in my Garden now to take delight,
And then againe to enjoy the Cities sight.
And thus my minde not knowing future ill,
I wisht I might in age live quiet still.
The fates withstood, and gave me a happy time
At first, but loaded these last dayes of mine:
And fifty yeares being ended without staine,
In the worst of my life I beare the blame.
Being neare unto the marke at which I aim'd,
The remainder of my life sad ruine gain'd:

Tristium.

The Chariot of my life was overthrowne,
When it unto the goale was almost come.
And gainst me have inforc'd him to be wrath;
Than whom the world none more milder hath;
Though my offence orecame his clemency,
To grant me life he never did denie.
But neare the North Pole I my life must leade,
In the land which by the *Euxine* Sea doth spread.
Had the *Delphian* Oracle told these things to me,
That place had seemed then most vaine to be.
Ther's nothing though the *Adamant* it containe,
That can be stronger than *Ioves* sudden flame.
Ther's nothing is so high or plac'd above
Danger, but that it is set under *Ioue*.
Though part of my griefe did come by my one fault,
Yet *Cæsars* wrath my utter ruine wrought;
But be you now admonish'd by my fate,
To please that man who equalls gods in state.

Here he doth admonish one,
That he proccede not to doe him wrong.

ELEGIE IX.

Since thou art content I will conceale thy name,
And drench thy deedes in *Lethæan* waves againe!
And thy late teares our mercy shall orecome,
So thou repent of that which thou hast done.
But if hatred of us still thy bosome warmes,
My unhappie griefe must take up forced armes;
Though I am banisht to the farthest lands,
My anger may from thence reach out her hands.
All right of lawes great *Cæsar* did me grant,
My punishment is my Country for to want.

And

And if he live, we may hope our returne,
 The Oake lookes greene which lightning once did burne.
 If I had no power to revenge, at length
 The Muses then would lend me helpe and strength.
 Though in the *Scythian* coasts I here doe lye,
 Whereas the starry signes are ever dry;
 Yet through large spacious lands my praise shall goe,
 And all the world my sad complaint shall know.
 What we speake in the west, unto the East shall flye,
 And the East shall heare my Westerne harmonie.
 Beyond both lands and seaes they shall heare me,
 In a loud voyce shall my lamenting be.
 Nor shall the present age thee onely blame,
 But of posterity thou shalt be the shame;
 I am now dispos'd to fight, though I have not blowne
 The trumpet, and I wish no cause were knowne.
 Though the Circke cease, the Bull doth cast a loofe
 The sand, and beates the earth with his hard hoofe;
 And now my muse sound the retraite againe,
 While that he may dissemble his owne name.

*In this sweete Elegie at last,
 Ovid shew's his life that's past:
 Describes his birth, and does rehearse,
 How he tooke delight in verse.*

ELEGIE X.

Posterity receive me with delight,
 For it is I that once of love did write;
sulmo my Countrey is, where cold springs rise,
 And fiftene miles it from the Citty lies.
 Here was I borne, and as you know right well,
 When both the Consuls by like fortune fell.

Tristium.

Besides, I was heire to my grand-father by right,
Not made a Gentleman by fortunes might.
After my brother I was borne at last,
When twelve moneths from his birth were fully past,
And both of us were borne upon one day,
On which two wafer cakes we us'd to pay.
Of those five feasts to *Pallas* memory,
This is the first which bloody us'd to be,
Forthwith we being young, by our fathers care,
Did goe to men in Art. that famous were.
My brother in sweete eloquence did delight,
Being borne in wrangling warres of Court to fight;
But I diviner poesie did favour.
And my Muse did entice me to her labour:
My father said, why art thou thus inclin'd?
Homer himselfe did leave no wealth behind.
Mov'd with his words I left the Muses well,
And untowriting prose I straight way fell.
But then my lines would into numbers runne,
And what I writ would straight a verse become.
In the meane time yeares in silence going on,
I and my brother tooke the freer gowne.
The purple robes our shoulders now did cloath,
And in our first studdies we delighted both,
At twenty yeares my brother dy'd, and then
To want part of my selfe I first began.
The honours due to youth we both did take.
And of the three men I a part did make.
Being forc'd into the Senate at the length,
That burden was more greater than my strength,
My minde nor body could no paines abide,
And I did alwayes shunne ambitious pride.
The *Aonian* sisters bid me seeke safeleasure.
Wherein indeed I alwayes tooke great pleasure.

Lib. 4.

I lov'd and cherish'd Poets of that time,
For I did thinke the Poets were divine.
Old *Macer* read to me in verse of birdes;
What herbs are hurtfull, and what helps affords.
Often *Propertius* did his love recite,
Ioynd unto me even by acquaintance right.
Ponticus in Heroicks, *Ballus* in Iambicks rare,
These two my sweet companions alwayes were.
And *Horrates* numbers did my eare delight,
While he verse unto the Harpe doth strike.
Virgil I onely saw, and covetous fates,
Tibullus from my friendship hence translates.
He was *Gallus* successor, *Propertius* follow'd him,
In course of time I was the fourth came in.
As I my elders, my youngers me renowne,
And my *Thaleia* soone abroad was knowne,
Twice was my beard cut, when I did reherse,
Vnto the people first my youthfull verse,
One call'd *Corinna* by a fained name,
In prayeing her did exercise my vaine.
Much did I write, but what I faulty deem'd.
I gave them to the fire for to amend.
And when I fled, I burnt some things I lov'd,
For with my verse and studdy I was mov'd.
A light occasion would move my soft heart,
Which soone would be overcome by *Cupids* dart;
Yet with loves fire being quickly set on flame,
There was no scandall went under my name,
To me a boy, an unthrifty wife they assigne,
Who was married to me but a little time.
My next wife though she were without all blame,
Yet in my bed she did not long remaine.
My last abides these latter yeares, and can
Endure to be wife to a banisht man.

My

Tristram.

My second daughter did two husbands take,
And twice a grandfather of me did make.
My father now his life even finisht had,
While nine times foure yeares he to mine did adde
I wept for him, as he would have done for me,
And then my mother dyed presently.
Happy and timely to the grave they went,
Because they dy'd before my banishment;
And I am happy, since while they did live,
They had no cause at all for me to grieve.
If ought remaine unto the dead but names,
And the thin Ghost doe scape the funerall flames;
If you my parents heare so me sad report,
And that my faults are in the stygian court;
Know then (whom to deceive is not my intent)
Errour, not wickednesse caus'd my banishment.
Thus much to the dead, to you I now returns
That the actions of my life would faine discerne;
Now whitenesse, when my best yeares spendes were
Came on and mingled with my ancient haire.
The horseman with Pisæan Olive crown'd,
Hath since my birth got ten prizes renown'd.
When as the Emperours wrath doth me command,
To Tomos which by Euxine Sea doth stand.
I neede not shew the cause of my sad fall,
Which is already too well knowne to all.
What shall I shew the trecherous intent,
Of friends and servants, bad as banishment;
Yet my minde scornd to yeeld to greefe at length,
And shew'd her selfe invincible in strength.
And forgetting of my quiet life, I than
To take armes in my unwonted hand began,
In more perills I by sea and land have beene,
Than starres betweene the shining Poles are seene.

Lib. 5.

At last I arrived at the *Gettick* coast,
Toyn'd to *Sarmatia*, being with errors tost.
Though noise of warres do round about merage,
Yet by my verse I did my greefe asswage.
Though there be none that can my words receive:
Yet thus I doe the day alone deceive.
In that I live and labour still betweene,
And that the time doth not to me long seeme;
Thanks Muse to thee, for thou dost yeeld releefe.
Thou art the ease and medicine of my greefe.
Thou art my guide, from *Isther* me dost bring,
And placest me in the Heliconian spring.
And hast given me in my life time a great name,
Which after death is given still by fame.
Envie which doth at present things repine,
Hath never bitten any worke of mine.
Though many Poets in this age forth came,
Yet fame was never envious to my name.
I prefer'd many who of me still led
No lesse, and through the world I am red;
If Poets any truth doe prophesie,
I shall not all be earth when I doe dye,
If favour or my verse gave me this fame,
Kinde Reader I doe thanke thee for the same.



LIB. V.

*He writeth here unto his friend,
To whom he doth this booke commend.*

ELEGIE. I.

THis booke which commeth from the *Getticke* shoare,
Adde thou (my friend) unto the other foure,

For

Tristium.

For this is like unto the Poets times,
And thou shalt find no sweetenesse in my lines.
My verse and fortune full of sorrow be,
My matter with my writing doth agree:
Being happy, in a pleasant vaine I writ,
But now alas I doe repent of it.
But when I fell, my sad chance I proclame,
And I my selfe the argument doe frame;
Even as the Swan that on the banke doth lye,
Bewailes her selfe when she is neare to dye,
So I being cast on the *Sarmaticke* shoare.
My owne sad funerall doe here deplore.
If any doe in wanton verse delight,
I advise him not to reade what I doe write.
Gallas and sweete *Propertius* fitter be,
Whose names doe flourish still in memorie.
And in their number would I might not fall,
Alasse why hath my Muse even spoke at all?
But now to *Scythia* for a punishment,
He that did write of quiverd love is sent.
Yet I have bent my friends unto my vaine,
And bid them to be mindefull of my name.
If some would know why I so much doe sing
Of griefe, ascribe it to my suffering.
We doe not now compose with will and Art,
Sorrow doth to the matter wit impart.
How small a part of griefe is in my verse,
He's happy that his sufferings can rehearse.
As shrubs in wood, or sands which *Tyber* gild,
Or the soft blades of grasse in *Marsses* field.
So many miseries doe we now endure,
Of Which my Muses are the onely cure.
If thou aske when *Ovid* ends his weeping lines,
I answer when I doe finde better times.

Lib. 5.

Shee this complaint from a full spring affords,
They are not mine but my misfortunes words :
If to me my wife and countrey thou restore,
I shall be merry as I was before.
If Cæsars wrath to me become more milde,
He give thee verses that with mirth are fill'd
Yet shall my writing not so jest againe,
Though once it ranne out in a wanton vaine.
He sing what shall by Cæsar be approv'd,
If that I might be from the *Getes* remov'd :
Till then sad matter in my bookes shall be,
This pipe doth unto funerals agree.
But thou may say, twere better for to cover
Thy griefes, and strive in silence them to smother.
Thou wouldst have torments, yet no groanes resound;
Thou bidst him not to weepe that hath a wound.
In that Bull which *Perillas* once did frame,
Phalleris suffer'd them to roare and complaine.
And *Priams* teares *Achilles* did not blame,
But thou more cruell wouldst my teares restraine.
When *Dian Niobe* did childlesse leave,
Shee did not bid her that shee should not grieve :
Tis something by words to ease sorrowes vaine,
Which maketh *Progne* alwayes to complaine.
This made *Peantius* in a cold cave lye,
Wearying the *Lemnian* rockes even with his cry.
Sorrow conceald doth choake and inward swell,
Restraint to gather strength doth it compell.
Then pardon me, or leave my workes even quite,
If they harme thee which doe me much delight :
But yet they can be hurtfull unto none,
Which onely have their Author overthrowne.
I confesse they are ill, who bids thee take them then?
Or who forbids thee lay them downe agen :

Yet

Tristium.

Yet that they may be read at last of thee,
More barbarous than the place they cannot be.
Rome with her Poets should not me compare,
Though mongst the Sauroumates I witty were:
Lastly I seeke no glory to obtaine,
Nor that which spurres up wit, aspiring fame:
I would not have my minde to waste with care,
Which still breake in though they forbidden are:
This makes me write, but if you aske why I send
These bookes, it is to visit you my friend.

*He bids his wife not to feare,
To entreate Caesar that he would heare
His case, and after be content,
To grant him milder banishment.*

ELGIE II.

WHEN a letter comes from *Pontus*, art thou pale?
Why does thy hand in opening it even faile?
Feare not, I am well, my body which I long
Did ne're inure to paines, now groweth strong:
And being vext, by use doth waxe more hard,
Or that to be sicke, time is now debard:
And yet my minde of strength doth get no more;
My affections are the same they were before.
Those wounds which I thought time would close againe
As if they were new made put me to paine:
Time hath some power to heale a little crosse,
But greater sorrowes doe by time grow worse.
Paantiusten whole yeares that wound did feede,
Which from the poysoned snake did first proceede:
Let part then of my greefe his wrath appease,
And let him take some drops from the full Seas.

Though

Lib. 5.

Though he take off much, yet much remaine still shall,
Part of my punishment will be like to all.
As shels on shoare, or flowers on beds of Roses,
Or as the graines which Poppie first discloses :
As beasts in woods, or fish in waters swimmes,
Or birds doe beate the gentle ayre with wings:
So many are my griefes, and I as well
The drops of the *Icarian* Sea may tell.
Though I hide my dangers both by Sea and Land,
And how my life was sought by every hand:
In the barbarous part of all the world I lye,
Which is encompassed by theemie.
Since my crime is not bloody, I should be
Conveyed hence, if thou didst care for me.
That god on whom the Roman power doth lye,
Hath beene most milde unto theemie.
Why dost thou doubt? goe and intreate for me :
Than *Cesar* no man can more gentle be.
What shall I doe if thou dost me forsake?
And from the broken yoake thy necke dost take,
And whence shall I some comfort now provide?
Since that my ship doth at no anchor ride.
He shall see, and to the Altar I will runne,
The Altar which no hands at all doth shunne.
I absent to the absent powers will speake,
If that a man to *love* his minde may breake :
Thou Ruler of the Empire in whose safety,
The gods doe shew their care of *Italy* :
The glory and example of thy land,
Great as the world which thou dost command :
So dwell on earth, that heaven may thee desire,
And slowly to the promis'd starres aspire.
Spare me, and take some thunder backe againe,
Enough of punishment will still remaine,

Thy

Tristium.

Thy wrath is milde, thou grantedst me to live,
And the right of a Cittizen to me didst give.
Nor was my substance given away, and than,
Thy edicts calls me not a banisht man.
All which I feard, cause I did thee incense,
But thy wrath was more milde than my offence.
To banish me to *Pontus* thou didst please,
While that my ship did cut the *Scythian* seas.
Thus sent, at the *Euxine* shoares I landed straight,
Which under the cold Pole are scituate.
Nor with the cold ayre here more vex'd am I,
Nor hoary frost which on the clods doth lie:
Or that they are ignorant of the Latine tongue,
And *Graecian* speech by *Geticke* is orecome:
As that I am encompass'd round with warre,
So that within the walls we scarce safe are,
Sometimes ther's peace, but yet no trust therein,
We feare the warres untill the warres begin.
So I remove, may *Charibdis* me devoure.
And send me downe unto the *Stygian* power.
In *Aetna's* scorching flame ile burne with ease,
Or be throwne into the *Leucadian* seas:
For to be miserable I doe not refuse,
But yet a safer misery I would chuse.

*To Bacchus that he would but speake
To Caesar and for him entreate.*

ELEGIE III.

*B*acchus, this day the Poets keepe to thee,
If in the time I not deceived be:
Tying sweet garlands round about their head,
While much in praise of wine by them is sed.

Mongst

Lib. 5:

Mongst whom while I was suffered by my fate,
 I made up one, whom thou didst not then hate:
 But now plac'd under the starres of the Beare,
Sarmatia holds me to the *Geres* soneare.
 I that did lead a life from labour free,
 In my study or in the *Muses* company:
 Now *Geticke* weapons lash on every hand,
 Having suffered much before by Sea and Land:
 Whether fate or angry gods did this assigne,
 Or that the *Parca* fround at my birthtime?
 Yet by thy power thou shouldst have helped me,
 One of the adorers of thy *Ivie* tree,
 Or can no god ever alter that decree,
 Which once the fatall Ladies prophecie?
 Thou by desert in heaven a seate dost hold:
 And mad'st thy way through labours manifold.
 Nor did thy Country alwayes thee containe,
 But to the *Geres* and snowie *Strymon* came.
 To *Persis* and to *Ganges* wandring streame,
 And all those waters Indians drinke uncleane.
 The *Parca* that the fatall chreds doe spin,
 To the twice borne, twice this decree did sing:
 If I by the example of the gods may goe,
 A hard estate of life doth keepe me low.
 And in as heavie a manner as I fell,
 Whom *Iove* for bragging did from *Thebes* expell.
 When thou heardst thy Poet was thus thunder-strooke,
 For thy mothers sake some greife thou mightst have took:
 And looking on thy Poets, might'st say thus,
 One here is wanting that much honour'd us:
 Helpe *Bacchus*, and may so a double vine,
 Burden the *Elme*, the grapes being full of wine.
 So may the *Bacche* with the *Satyres* be,
 Ready to make an amazed cry to thee.

H

And

Tristium.

And may *Lycurgus* bones be hardly prest,
And *Pentheus* ghost from torment never rest;
So may thy wives cleere crowne within the skie
Shine ever, and excell those starres are nye.
Come hither and helpe me in my sad estate,
Remember I was one of thine of late.
The gods have one society, strive to encline
Great *Casars* power by that same power of thine.
And you Poets that my fellow students be,
Take wine, and after pray the same for me,
And let some of you when *Ovids* name he heares,
Set downe the cup and mingle it with teares:
Saying when he doth all the rest espie,
Where's *Ovid* once one of our companie?
Doe this if my candor did deserve your love,
Or if I nere did any line reprove.
If while I reverence former men that writ,
I am held equall not beneath in wit:
If with *Apollos* favour you would frame
A verse, then keepe among you still my name.

*This letter here doth descrie,
Ovids grieve and misery:
And it praiseth much a friend,
That was constant to the end.*

ELEGIE IIII.

I *Ovids* letter from Euxine land
Am come, being tyred both by Sea and land:
Who weeping sayd, goe thou and visite *Rome*,
Thy state is better than my fatall doome.
Weeping he writ me, nor at his mouth would wet
The scale which to his moyst cheekes he did set.

Lib. 5.

If any one my cause of griefe would know,
 He wishes I the summe to him should show :
 He sees no leaves in woods, in fields no grasse,
 Nor how the water in full streames doth passe,
 He may aske why *Priam* griev'd for *Hectors* sake,
 Why *Philoctetes* gron'd stung by a Snake :
 Would the gods would put him into such a state,
 That he should have no cause to waile his fate.
 Yet as he ought he endures his miseries,
 Nor like a wilde horse from his bridle flies.
 He hopes that *Cæsars* wrath will not still last,
 Knowing no wickednesse in his faults thats past:
 He cals to minde great *Cæsars* clemency,
 Which by himselfe he doth exemplifie.
 For that he keepes his wealth, and still doth live,
 And is a Citizen; all this he doth give :
 Yet thee (if thou beleev'st me) he doth beare,
 Alwayes in minde and above all things deare.
 His *Patroclus* and *Pylades* thou shalt be,
 His *Thesews* and *Euryalus* he cals thee :
 Nor doth he wish his Country more to see,
 And those things which with it now absent be;
 Than to see thy face, than honey sweeter still,
 With which the Atticke Bee the hive doth fill.
 Oft being sad, the time to minde he doth call,
 And greeves that death did not prevent his fall.
 When some my sudden misery did shunne,
 Nor to the threshold of my house would come.
 He remembers thou most faithfull didst remaine,
 If any two or three a few doe name.
 And though amazed he did then perceive,
 That thou as much as he himselfe didst grieve.
 Thy words and sighes he usually declares,
 And how his bosome was wet with thy teares.

Tristium.

Of which he sayes he will be mindfull ever,
Whether he see day, or the earth him cover;
He would sweare ever by his head and thine,
Which as his owne he esteemed at that time,
He shall returne thy love full thanks againe,
Nor shall thy Oxen plough the shoare in vaine;
Defend a banish'd man, I aske what he
Himselfe doth not aske, that hath well knowne thee.

*His wives birth he doth celebrate,
And prays she may be fortunate.*

ELEGIE V.

MY wives birth day due honour doth expect,
My hands doe not those holy rites neglect;
Thus *Ulysses* in the farthest part of all
The world, did keepe a solemne festivall,
Let now my tongue forget past griefes againe,
Which I feare hath forgot good words to frame,
That garment which I once a yeare doe take,
Ile weare being white and unlike to my fate.
And a greene Altar shall of turfe be made,
And a Garland round about the Altar layd;
Boy give me incense making a fat flame,
And wine that in the fire may hisse againe.
Birthday I wish that thou mayst still come here
Prosperous, and unlike to mine appeare;
If any ill fate hover ore my wife,
Let me endure it in my wretched life;
And let my ship bruis'd with a grievous storme,
Sayle on her way through safe Seas without harme.
In her house and conuntry let her take delight.
Tis enough that these are taken from my sight.

Though

Though in her husband she unhappy be,
 Let her other part of life from clouds be free:
 May she live and love her absent husband now,
 And spend those latter yeares which fates allow,
 And mine too, but I feare my fate would give,
 Some infection to those yeares which she doth live:
 Nothing is certaine, for who'd thinke that I,
 Should mongst the *Getes* keepe this solemnitie?
 Looke how the winde towards *Italy* now drives,
 The smoake that from the Incense doth arise:
 There is sense in the clouds, which fire doth show,
 But what it doth protend I doe not know.
 When those brothers once did sacrificing stand,
 Who after were slaine by each others hand:
 In two parts the blacke flame did upward goe,
 As if it were by them commanded so.
 I remember once I sayd it could not be,
 And *Chalimachus* was not beleev'd of me;
 Now I beleeye, since thou wise smoake dost bend,
 For the North, and towards *Italy* dost ascend.
 This is the day, which if it had not beene,
 No feastday had of wretched me beene seene.
 This day brought vertues that most equall were,
 To those same men whose fames did shine most cleare:
 Chastitie and constancie with her were borne,
 But no joyes began upon that day forlorne.
 But labour, cares, and sad aduersity,
 And like a widdow all alone to lye:
 Yet goodnesse by aduersity is tride,
 And prais'd that doth in hardest times abide.
 Had *Ulysses* seene no troubles in his dayes,
Penelope had beene happie without praise:
Evadne had laine in the earth unknowne,
 If her husband conquerour from *Thebes* had come.

Tristium.

Of *Pelias* daughters one is prais'd by fame,
Because she married an unhappie man.
Had another first gone on the *Trojan* shoare,
Of *Laodameia* we should heare no more ;
And that affection had beene still unknowne,
If that a faire winde in my sailes had blowne:
You gods and *cesar*, which to you shall goe,
When he hath liv'd out *Nestors* yeares below :
Spare not me who due punishment receive,
But her that doth unworthily now greeve.

*Heere he doth entreate his friend,
Not to leave him in the end.*

ELEGIE VI.

THOU that wert once the hope of my affaires,
A refuge and a haven to my cares,
Dost thou forget thy friend in miserie ?
That pious office dost thou now lay by?
My burden thou should'st not have undergone,
If in this time thou would'st have layd it downe:
Palinurus thou in the Sea dost leave my barke,
Fly not, but be thou faithfull in thy Arte,
Automedon in the battell never fled,
Nor lest *Achilles* horse unmaniged.
Podalius whom he tooke to cure, would still,
Give him that helpe he promis'd by his skill.
Better not take than to thrust forth a guest,
Let my hand on thy Altar firmly rest :
To maintaine me at first thou didst intend,
Me and thy judgement doe thou now defend.
If that there be no new offence of mine,
To make thee change thy faith for any crime ;

My

Lib. 5.

My breath which I in *Scythia* fetch so slow,
I wish may first out of my body goe;
Ere any fault of mine thy brest doe move,
Or that I seeme lesse worthy of thy love.
We are not so by unjust fates opprest,
That length of misery should disturbe my breast:
Suppose it were, how often did *Orestes*
Speake froward words against his *Pylades*.
Nay it is true that he did strike his friend,
Yet in friendship he continued to the end.
In this the wretched with the rich are even,
That unto both much flattery is given.
We give the way unto the blinde, and those
Who are feard because they weare the purple cloathes.
You should spare my fortune though you spare not me,
There is no place now angry for to be;
Chuse the least sorrow which I doe sustaine,
Tis more than that whereof thou dost complaine.
As Ditches hidden are with many a reede,
Or as the Bees which doe on *Hybla* feede:
Or like those graines which by the Ants are found,
And in a small path carried under ground.
Even such a troope of sorrowes compasse me,
Beleeve me, my complaint might greater be;
He that is not content herewith, may powre
Water to the Sea, or sands unto the shoare.
Therefore thy unseasonable rage appease,
Nor leave my sayles in the midst of the seas.

*His miseries he bere repeates,
With the manners and habit of the Getes.*

ELEGIE VII.

THIS letter which thou readst, from thence did come,
Where *Ister* into the greene sea doth runne.

Tristium.

If thou enjoyst thy life and sweetest health,
I shall be fortunate in that my selfe :
Doubtlesse deare friend thou askest how I doe?
Which though I silent were, yet thou mayst know,
I am wretched, this my summe of griefe doth give,
Who ere offendeth *Cesar* so shall live.
If thou wouldst know the people of this region,
Of *Tomos*, and their manners and condition :
Though *Getes* and *Gracians* here doe spread it ore,
This land of rugged *Getes* containeth more :
The *Sarmatians* and the *Getes* continually,
In troopes upon their horses-doe passe by.
'Mongst which ther's none but beares his bow in shew,
And arrowes which with vipers blood looke blew :
A wilde voyce, fierce looke, deaths truest shape they have
And then their hayre and beard they never shave.
They are ready with a knife to give a wound,
Which every salvage by his side hath bound :
With these he lives who of you will mindefull be,
Thy Poet (Friend) doth these both heare and see.
And may he live and in this place ne're dye,
That my Ghost from this hated place may flie.
Thou writ'st my verse in Theaters is sung,
And that a loud applause to them is rung.
Thou knowst I have done nothing in stagewayes,
Nor is my Muse ambitious of applause :
Yet I like it that my memory they retaine,
And of a banisht man keepe up the name.
Though when I thinke what hurt once from them came
I curse my Muses, and my verse againe.
And having curs'd I cannot them forsake,
Those weapons bloodied in my wounds I take :
The ship torne with Euboian waves, yet after,
Pares freely saile in the Capharian water.

Yet

Lib. 5.

Yet I labour not for praise, nor take I care,
To get a name which better unknowne were.
With studdy I delight my minde and try,
To delude my sorrowes and my cares thereby.
What should I doe on this same desert shoare,
What other helpe for grieve can I emlore?
The place it selfe is unpleasant unto me,
And nothing in the world can sadder be.
The men are scarcely worthy of that name,
More cruelty than wolves they doe retaine:
They feare no lawes, the right doth yeeld to wrong,
The Lawes are by the warlike sword orecome.
To keepe off cold they skinnes and mantles weare,
And their grim faces are hid with long hayre:
In some of them some little Greeke is found,
Which is made barbarous by the *Getticke* sound,
Amongst these people there is scarce one man,
That render common words in Latine can:
I a Romane Poet (pardon me I pray
You Muses) speake in the Sarmaticke way.
I am asham'd yet through disuse I finde,
That latine words doe slowly come to minde:
And many barbarous words this booke deface,
Which is no fault of mine, but of the place.
Yet that I may the Latine tongue not loose
And that I may still keepe my voyce in use:
Those unused words unto my selfe I speake,
And to studdies colours I retrear.
Thus I draw on the time, and my selfe doe bring
From the contemplation of my suffering:
By verse I seeke to forget my miseries,
If I get this by studdy, it doth suffice.

Tristium.

To enveigh against one he doth begin,
Who had raised first at him.

ELEGIE VIII.

THough I am fallen, yet I am not beneath thee,
Than which there's nothing can inferiour be.
What makes thee wicked man, to stomacke me,
Insulting in that which may happe to thee.
Cannot my miseries make thee soft and milde. (wilde.
For which the beasts would weepe though they are
Fearst thou not fortune on a globe that stands,
Nor yet that hated goddesses commands?
Rhamnusia will on thee revenged be,
Because thou tread'st upon my misery.
I have seene a shipwracke and men cast away,
Yet that the water was just n're did say.
Who once deny'd the poore some broken meate,
Is glad himselfe of begged bread to eate,
Fortune doth rove with an unconstant pace,
And ne're remaineth certaine in one place.
Now she is merry, then sullen by and by,
And constant in nothing but inconstancie.
We flourish once, but soone that flower did fade,
And this our sudden blaze of straw was made.
Yet least thou cruelly rejoyce in vaine,
I have some hope to please the gods againe.
My fault is not wicked though it merit blame,
And envie is wanting to encrease my shame.
Besides, from Sunne rising till he downe doth goe,
The world a milder man can never show.
And though he cannot be o'recome by strength,
Entreaty makes his heart grow soft at length.
And like the gods to whom he shall goe at last,
Will pardon me, and give more than I aske.

Lib. 5.

If you count the faire and fowle dayes in a yeare,
You shall finde the day hath oftner beene cleare;
Then least thou joy in my ruine any more,
Thinke *Cesar* may me once againe restore,
I thinke that the Prince appeas'd, it may come to passe,
That in the City thou mayst see my face;
And see thee banisht for a worse fault than this,
Which is the next unto my former wish.

*He shewes why his friend he dares not name,
Or mention him for feare of blame.*

ELEGIE IX.

IF thou would'st let thy name be in my verse,
How often then should I thy name reherse.
For thou the subject of my song should'st be.
And each leafe of my Booke should mention thee,
My love to thee through the Citty should be spread,
If banisht, I am in the Citty read:
The present age and latter should know thee,
If that my writings beare antiquity.
And the Learned Reader praise to thee should give,
And be honour'd while that I thy Poet live.
Tis *Cesars* gift that we doe breath this ayre,
After the gods thanks unto thee due are.
He gave me life, and thou dost it maintaine,
That so I may enjoy that gift againe.
When some to see my ruine were dismayd,
And some I thinke for companie were dismay'd,
And beheld my shipwracke from some hill on land,
And to me swimming would not reach their hand;
Thou caldst me halfe dead from the *Stygian* water,
And mad'st me to remember this hereafter.

May

Tristium.

May the gods and *Cesar* still be friends to thee,
My prayer cannot any larger be.
These things in my witty bookes I would have brought
To light, if thou the same hadst fitting thought;
Now though commanded for to hold her peace,
My Muse from naming thee can hardly cease.
As the couples cannot hold the striving hound,
When he the footing of the Deere hath found.
As the fierce horse with heeles and head doth beate,
On the List gates till they be open set.
So my *Thaleia* shut in and enclos'd,
To name thee through forbidden is dispos'd.
Yet least a friends love hurt thee any way,
Feare not, I will thy owne commands obey.
Because thou thinkst that I doe thinke on thee,
Since thou forbid'st not, I will thankfull be.
And while this life preserving light I view,
My soule shall alwayes serve and honour you.

*He complaines that he three yeeres had spent,
In Pontus in sad banishment.*

ELEGIE. X.

Since we came to *Pontus*, *Ister* twice was froze,
And thrice the Euxine sea even hardned growes.
But yet as many yeares they seeme to me,
As *Troy* was under the Greeke enemye.
Time seemes to stand, so slowly it goes on,
The yeare most slackely doth his journey runne.
Nor doth the Solstice from night take away,
Nor the winter never shortneth the day.
With us the natures of things changed are,
Which lengthens all things equall to my care.

Lib. 5.

Or doth the time his wonted course goe on,
 And onely seeme long unto me alone?
 While the Euxine shore so call'd by a false name,
 But more truly *Scythia* doth me containe.
 Fierce warres the nations round about doth threaten,
 Who thinke their living is by stealth well gotten.
 Nothing without is safe, the hill is fortified
 With walls, and the nature of the place beside,
 The foe like to a shoale of birds comes in,
 And drives away the booty ere he's seene.
 Sometimes their darts in the streetes we gather up,
 Which doe flye ore the wals the gates being shut.
 If any to plough the earth is bold,
 One hand the plough, the other armes doth hold.
 The Shepherd with an Helmet pipes on's reede,
 And stead of Wolves, the sheepe the Warres doe dread.
 The Castle scarce defends us, wherein we feare,
 Cause the *Salvages* with the *Gracians* mixed are.
 The Barbarian here with us doth dwell most free,
 And the most houses by him possessed be:
 Whom though you feare not, their lookes hatefull are,
 Their bodies covered with skinnies and longhaire.
 Those which from *Greece* are thought to be deriv'd,
 Their bodies with the *Persian* fop doth hide.
 They use the commerce of a neighbour tongue,
 By gesture each thing is to me made knowne:
 For I am understood by none of them,
 And the dull *Getes* the Latine words contemne.
 They speake ill of me while that I am present,
 And doe object to me my banishment:
 And they doe thinke ill of me oftentimes,
 When while they speake I answer them by signes,
 And injustice is more cruell than the sword,
 Some in the Court with wounds are often goard.

Hard

Tristium.

Hard *Lachesis* thou gav'st too long a thred
Of life to me, under an ill starre bred :
That my Countries fight and friends I now doe want,
And thus in *Scythia* doe make my complaint.
Both grievous are, I have deserv'd from *Rome*
To be banisht, not to such a place to come :
What speake I madly ? I deserv'd to dye,
When I offended *Cæsars* Majestie.

*To his wife 'cause some did her defame,
And call her wife to a banisht man.*

ELEGIE. XI.

THY Letter which thou sendst me doth complaine,
That some one call'd thee wife to a banisht man:
I griev'd, not that my life is ill spoke by,
Who now have us'd to suffer valiantly :
But that I am a cause of shame to thee,
And I thinke thou blashest at my misery.
Endure, thou hast suffered more even for my sake,
When the Princes wrath me from the first did take.
He's deceiv'd who calleth me a banisht man,
My fault a gentler punishment did attaine :
Our ship though broke is not orewhelm'd or drown'd,
It beares up still though it no Port hath found.
My life, my wealth, my right he doth not take,
Which I deserv'd to lose for my faults sake.
To offend him was a punishment farre more,
I wish my funerall houre had gone before:
But because no wickednesse was in my fault,
To banish me he onely fittest thought.
As to those whose numbers cannot reckon'd be,
So *Cæsars* Majestie was milde to me.

There-

Therefore my verses by right as they may,
Cesar, doe sing forth thy praise alway:
 beseech the gods to shut up heavens gate,
 And let thee be a god on earth in state.
 But thou that calld'st me thus a banisht man,
 Encrease not my sorrow with a fained name.

*To his friend who misht him to delight
 Himselfe, while he did verses write.*

ELEGIE XII.

Thou writ'st that I should passe the time away,
 With studdy least my minde with rust decay:
 Tis hard (my friend) verse is a merry taske,
 And it a quiet minde doth alwayes aske.
 Our fate is droven by adverse winde,
 No chance more sad than mine can be assign'd:
 Thou wouldst have *Priam* at his sounes death jest,
 And *Niobe* dance as it were at a feast.
 Ought I to studdie or else to lament?
 That alone unto the farthest *Getes* am sent.
 Give me a brest with so much strength sustained,
 Such as *Anytus* had, as it is famed.
 So great a weight would sinke his wit at length;
 loves anger is above all humane strength.
 That old man which *Apollo* wise did call,
 In such a case would not have writ at all.
 Though I forget my Countrey and my selfe,
 And have no sense at all of my lost wealth:
 To doe my office feare doth me forbid,
 Being compast in with foes on every side.
 Besides, my vaine growes dull being rusted o're.
 And now it is farre lesse than before.

The

Tristium.

The field if that it be not daily till'd,
Will nothing else but thornes, and knotgrasse yeeld.
The horse having long stood still will badly runne,
And be last of those that from the lists doe come.
The boate that hath long out of water beene,
Growes rotten, and the chinkes thereof are seene.
Then hope not I that had an humble vaine,
Can ere returne like to my selfe againe.
My wit by my long suffering is decay'd,
And part of my former vigor now doth fade.
Sometimes my tables in my hand I take,
And I my words to runne in feete would make.
I can write no verses but such as you see,
Fitting the place and their Authors miserie.
And lastly, glory gives strength to a straine,
And love of praise, doth make a fruitfull vaine,
I was allur'd with hope of fame before,
While as a prosperous winde my sailes out bore.
But now in glory I take not delight,
I had rather be unknowne if that I might :
Because that some my verse at first did like,
Wouldst thou have me therefore proceede to write?
May I speake it with your leave you sisters nine,
You chiefly caus'd this banishment of mine.
As the maker of the Bull in it did smart,
So I am also punisht by my Art.
And now with verse I ought for to have done,
And being shipwrackt I the sea should shunne.
Suppose that studdy I should againe assay,
This place is unfit for verses any way.
Here are no bookes, nor none to lend an eare,
Nor none can understand me if they heare.
All places here both rude and wilde are found,
And filled with the fearefull Getticke sound.

Lib. 5.

I have forgot in Latine for to speake,
And I have learnt the language of the *Gete*.
Yet to speake truth, I cannot so restrain
My Muse, but sometime she a verse will frame.
I write, and then I burne those bookes againe,
And thus my studdy endeth in a flame.
I cannot make a verse, nor doe desire,
Which makes me put my labour in the fire,
No part of my invention to you came,
But that which was stole or snatch'd from the flame.
And would that Art too had beene burnt for me,
Which brought the Author unto miserie.

*Here he doth accuse his friend,
Because he did no letters send.*

ELEGIE XIII.

FROM the *Gettiske* land thy *Ovid* sends thee health,
If one can send what he doth want himselfe:
For my mind from my body infected is,
Least any part of me should torment misse.
A paine in my side me many dayes hold,
Which I had gotten by the winters cold.
If thou art well, then we in part are well,
For thou didst underprop me when I fell.
Thou gav'st me many pledges of thy heart,
And didst defend me still in every part.
'Tis thy fault that letters thou dost seldome send,
Thou performedst deedes, deny'st words to thy friend,
Pray mend this fault, which if you shall correct,
In thee alone there will be no defect.

I

Tristium.

I would accuse thee more, but it may be,
Thy Letter being sent came not to me.
May this complaint of mine seeme rash and hot,
May I falsely thinke that thou hast me forgot.
Which as I pray for I am sure to finde,
For I can ne're beleeve that thou hast chang'd thy mind.
Gray wormewood shall in the close sea be scant,
And *Sycilian Hybla* shall sweete honey want,
E're thou in remembring of thy friend grow slacke,
The threds sun of my fate are not so blacke.
And that thou mayst avoyd so foule a crime,
What thou art not, beware thou doe not seeme.
And as we were wont to passe the time away,
With some discourse till we had spent the day:
Let letters carry and fetch backe our words,
While hands and paper tongues to us affords.
But least I seeme too distrustfull for to be,
And that these few lines may admonish thee,
Take my farewell, which word doth Letters end,
And may fortune better fates unto thee send.

*Ovid shewes his wife that she,
Shall by his bookes immortall be.*

ELEGIE. XIII.

What a memoriall my bookes give to thee,
Thou wife more dearer than my selfe mayst see.
Though fortune from their Author doe detract,
Yet by my wit thy fame shall be exact.
While I am read, thy fame shall too be read,
Which cannot in the funerall fire lie dead.

And

Lib. 5.

And though thou seem'st unhappy by my fate,
 Yet some shall wish to be in thy estate :
 Who 'cause thou bear'st part of my miserie,
 May call thee happie, and may envie thee.
 By giving riches thou no more had'st got,
 Since the rich mans ghost from hence doth carry nought
 But I have given thee fame that still shall last,
 The greatest gift that I could give, thou hast.
 And 'cause thou dost defend me in my trouble,
 This maketh honour come upon thee double.
 For that my voyce doth ever mention thee,
 Thy husbands love may still thy glory be.
 And least some call thee rash abide to the end,
 Both me and thy faith see that thou defend.
 For while we stood, thou onely didst maintaine
 Thy goodnesse free from any fault or blame.
 Which is not ruin'd by this fault of mine,
 Thy vertue now may make thy workes to shine.
 Tis easie to be good, when we remove
 All occasions that may make wives not to love :
 But in thunder if the shower she doe not shunne,
 Such affection doth true marriage love become.
 Rare is that love which fortune doth not guide,
 But when she flies away doth firme abide.
 If vertue a reward to any be,
 Shewing most courage in adversitie:
 Thy vertue in no age shall be conceal'd,
 But through the world admired and reveal'd.
 Thou seest *Penelope* doth still retaine,
 For constancy an unextinguisht name.
Admetus and brave *Hectors* wife are sung
 And *Hippias* wife that into fire did runne.
 The *Phylacean* wife by fame new life hath found,
 Whose husband first set foote on *Trojan* ground.

Tristium. Lib. 5.

I doe not neede thy death, shew love to me,
And thence thou shalt get fame most easily.
Nor thinke I exhort thee, cause that thou dost faile,
Though the ship goe with oares, we put on saile.
He that exhorts, doth prayse what thou dost doe,
And by exhorting doth his liking shew.

FINIS.



The Explanation of the Frontispice.

Augustus Caesar in the front doth stand,
 Who banisht Ovid to the Ponticke land.
 One side shewes Rome, the other doth present,
 The Shippe which carried him to Banishment.
 A happie Pyramid it selfe doth raise,
 Bulke of those Bookes from whence he got his prayse.
 The sable Pyramid doth likewise show,
 That his ruine from the Art of Love did grow.
 Beneath poure Ovid rests his weary head
 Vpon his Coffin when all hope was fled.
 And thereupon his wreath of Bayes doth lye,
 To shew he did in Pontus banisht die.
 But yet his Muse new life to him doth give,
 And by his lines sweete Ovid still doth liue.

De Liber mundo, Dominus fuit exul, & inde
 Disce pati a Domino, fer mala, vade Liber.

Rome.

By ship I went
to banishment

2



OVIDS TRISTIA

Containinge fure Bookes
of mournfull Elegies which hee
sweetly composed in the midst of his
aduersitie, while hee liu'd in
Tomos a Cittie of Pontus
where hee dyed after seauen
yeares Banishment
from Rome.

Translated into English by. W. S.
Veniam pro laude peto

London Printed for Fra: Grove and are to
bee sold at his shopp on Snowe hill
neere the Sarazens head. 1637.

Hence my
ruine came

T. Cecill

sculp.

In Pontus I
Did banish me





T

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TO
 The Honourable
 and worthy of honour
 by Desert, Sr. *Kenelme*
Digbye Knight.

Sir



Our generous minde
 framed by nature to
 vertue and vertuous
 actions, is so well
 known to Souldiers
 and Schollers, that as *Mars* gives
 you Bayes, so the *Muses* doe give
 you Bookes. The considerati-
 on whereof hath emboldned
 me (though a stranger) to offer

*Quia et
 go gener
 rosus ?
 Ad vir
 ritem be
 ne a na
 tura con
 positus.
 Sen. Lib.
 5. Ep. 44*

The Epistle

to your protection this translation of *Ovids* Elegies, who I think was even rockt in his cradle by the Muses, and fed with Sugar and Helliconian water, which made him have so sweete a veine of Poetry. So that the name of *Ovid* is a sufficient commendation for any worke of his, if my English can but like the Eccho, send backe the soft Musicke of his lines. And indeede if he write best of love that hath beene in love; and that there is a certaine *gratia* or efficacie in his words that feeles the affection; I doubt not but my owne sorrow hath learnt me how to translate *Ovids* sorrow. For I confesse I was never in Fortunes books, and therefore am not much indebted to her, neither doe I care for her frownes; but I am grieved for one who is my brother in mis-
fortunes

Dedictory.

fortune, who is *exul in patria*, being enforced to let that skill and experience which he hath gotten abroad in maraine affaires, and which hath beene approved of both by the English and Dutch nations in severall long voyages, lye dead in him for want of imployment which is the life of practicall knowledg: and though he must be compelled by his present fates to accept of the imployment of forraine nations, yet if a way might be opened unto him he is more willing (as he is bound by duty) to serve his native King and Countrey, which desire of his I know your generous disposition cannot but cherish, and approve of my love towards him. This booke *Ovid* sent to the City of *Rome* as appears by the first verse, *Parve nec invideo*, &c. and I am now to send it forth into a


The Epistle, &c.

Citty abounding with Critticks,
and therefore it desires your wor-
thy patronage and defence; for
which (if *Ovid* lived) he would
make his fluent Muse expresse his
thankfulnesse: But I for any fa-
vour which you shall shew unto
this translation, must acknow-
ledge my selfe bound unto your
vertue, which I wish may shine
forth in prosperous actions, untill
your fame bee equall to *Cæsars*
who banisht *Ovid*.

The Servant of your

Vertues,

W. SALTONSTALL



To the Reader.

IT is now growne a common custome
to seeke thy good will by an Epistle,
and therein to move thy affection
to be favourable to the present
worke, wherein I neede not bestow
any great paines, for this is a translation of O-
vids last booke which he writ in banishment; and
therefore if you would set before your eyes the
present estate wherein he then lived, it would ex-
ceedingly move your pittie towards him. Imagine
that you saw Ovid in the Land of Pontus,
where he whose companie was so much desired,
was now banisht from all companie; he that was
once the Darling of the Muses, now made the
subject of miserie; he that dranke choysse wines,
now drinke spring water; he that wore a wreath
of Bayes, now weares a wreath of Cypresse: and
to conclude, he that was once so famous, was now
as

To the Reader.

as much unfortunate, and all this was most unworthily inflicted on him for some offence committed against Cæsar, and also for writing that unhappy booke which he called the Art of love; for these two he accuses as the causers of his banishment; during which time he writ this last booke entituling it his Tristium, because it contained his sorrow: And lastly consider, that after he had written this booke, having diverse times sought to be repealed from banishment, and despairing of any mercy from Cæsar, he at last dyed in the seventh yeare of his banishment, from Rome, the Muses, together with Venus and a hundred little Cupids being mourners at his funerall. If therefore you ever loved the sweetenesse of Ovids veine, or if the consideration of his sufferance in banishment, his want, his griefes, his afflictions, and lastly his death in a barbarous land can move your pittie and compassion, I doubt not but you will shew much love and affection to these Elegies even for Ovids sake, whose compositions were so sweete and fluent that his verses did runne like a smooth streame fed by the spring of the Muses, so that he could hardly speake but in the manner of a verse, for so he testifies of himselfe: Quicquid conabor dicere versus erit. Now for my selfe, I have put these Elegies of Ovids into an English

To the Reader.

With mourning habit, with a Frontispice to give
thee a cleere view of Ovids miserie, and to make
thy heart more apt to receive a deeper impressi-
on of his sorrow, that seeing how unworthily he
was dealt withall, thou mayst both pittie Ovid
and love this worke of his, which is all I desire.

Thine

W. S.



Angelus Politianus his Epi-
gram on the banishment
and death of *Ovid*.

THe *Romane* Poet lies in the *Euxine* shore,
And barbarous earth the Poet covers o're:
Him that did write of love that land doth hide,
Through which the *Isters* colder streame doth glide,
And wert not asham'd to be (*O Rome*)
More cruell than the *Getes* to such a sonne?
Oh *Muses*, while he sicke in *Scythia* lay,
Who was there that his sicknesse could allay?
Or keepe his cold limbes in the bed by force,
Or passe away the day with some discourse?
Or that could feede his pulse when it did beate,
Or apply to him warme things to cherish heate?
Or close his eyes even swimming round with death,
And in his mouth receive his latest breath?
There were none, for his ancient friends then were
In thee *O Rome*, from *Pontus* distant farre.
His Wife and Nephewes were farre off together
His daughter went not with her banisht father.
The *Bessi* and *Coralli* were in these parts,
And the skin-wearing *Getes* with stony hearts.
The *Sarmatian* riding on his horse was there,
To comfort him with looks that dreadfull were.
Yet when he was dead, the *Bessi* wept, the *Gete*,
And stout *Sarmatians* did their faces beate.

Woods,

Verses, &c.

woods, mountaines, beasts, a mourning day did keepe,
And sisters pearly streame they say did weepe.
Some say that frozen *Pontus* did begin
To melt, with teares of Sea-nymphes shed for him.
Eight *Cupids* with their mother *Venus* ranne,
And with torches set the funerall pile on flame:
And while his body did consume and burne,
They put his ashes in a closed Vrne:
And on his Tombe-stone these words graven were,
That did teach the Art of love lyes here.
Then *Venus* with her white hand did bedew
His grave, while she sweete Nectar on him threw.
The Muses brought their Poet many a verse,
Which I am farre unworthy to rehearse.

Julius Scaligers Verses on *Ovid*, wherein he maketh *Ovid* speake to *Augustus*.

Would thy cruelty had in me begunne,
Nor by murders steps to ruine me hadst come.
If my wanton youth did move thy discontent,
You mayst condemne thy selfe to banishment.
Such foule deedes thy private roomes doe staine,
But men condemned ne're did act the same.
Could not my wit, nor gentlenesse thee restraine,
Nor sweete tongue second to *Apollo's* vaine?
Straine hath made the ancient Poets soft,
And to the new the waight of things hath taught.
When did I ye when as I prayd thee,
That this my banishment was deserv'd by me.

Vnbra

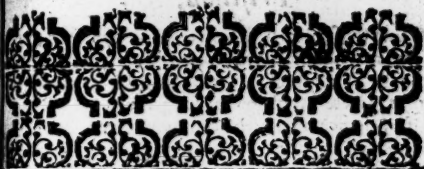
Umbra Ovidii,

OR

Ovids Ghost.

WHEN I did live I got the wreath of Bayes,
From other Poets in my younger dayes:
And soone my fame through all the world was knowne,
While Ovid onely was esteem'd at Rome.
But then at last as I did raise my fame
By verse, so from my verse my ruine came.
By an error I great Cæsars wrath did move,
And then by writing of the Art of Love:
For which two faults by Cæsar I was sent,
To the Ponticke land to live in Banishment.
I endeavour'd still to be repeal'd from hence,
But Cæsar would not pardon my offence.
Thus seaven yeares I in banishment did spend,
Untill by death my sorrowes had an end.
And then my Soule to Charons boate did goe,
Who unto Ovid did much kindnesse shew:
And rom'd me straight to the Elysian fields,
Which unto happy soues such pleasure yeelds.
Where now I live, and every day converse,
With ghosts of Lovers who my times rehearse:
And for my sake sweete Garlands are compos'd,
Of Lillies mingled with the crimson Rose:
Which they doe give me, whereby to expaine,
How lovers once did love sweete Ovids vaine.
And now at Last it joyes my ghost to see,
The World doth still preserve my memorie.
And that my sorrowes they translated have,
And have not buried them within my grave,
For which my Ghost unto the world gives thanks,
In these words writ on the Elysian banks.

Elegies themselves as much indebted know
To us, as Heroiques did to Virgill owe.



*In this Elegie at large
Ovid gives his booke a charge,
To see Rome, and gives direction
How with time to varie action.*

ELEGIE. I.

MY little Booke, the City thou shalt see;
Woe's me, thy master may not go with thee;
Goe, but undrest, and seeing thou art mine,
Put on a habite like unto the time.
Be not clothed with the Hyacinths purple iuyce;
Such colours are in mourning out of use.
Print not thy title with vermillion dye,
Nor draw unto thee every gazing eye;
No oyle of Cedar to thy leaves allow,
Nor weare white corners on thy sable browe;
Such Ornaments may happie bookes invest;
Nor be thou like unto my fortune drest,
Thy forehead with no pumice stone make faire;
Nor come thou forth with loose and ragged haire.

B

NOR

Tristium!

Nor shame those blots which on thy face appears;
For some may thinke they were made with my teares.
Goe booke, salute the Citty in my name,
For on thy feete I will goe backe againe;
And if by chance among the common crew,
Some mindefull of me aske thee how I doe?
Returne this answer, tell them that I live,
And that my God this life doth freely give.
But if they more doe seeke, then silent be,
And speake not that should not be read in thee.
Then the angry reader will repeate my fault,
While by the people I am guilty thought.
Defend me not though they my fault repeat;
An ill cause by defence is made more great.
Some thou shalt finde will sigh, 'cause I am gone;
And reade these verses with wet cheekes alone:
Who often wishes, Cæsar would but please,
Some lighter punishment might his wrath appease.
And I doe pray he may ne're wretched be,
That wishes Cæsar thus should pittie me:
But may his wishes come to passe, that I
At last may in my native country dye.
But booke, I know, thou shalt receive much blame;
And be thought inferiour unto *Ovids* vaine:
Yet every judge the time and matter weighes;
The time considered, thou deservest praise.
Smooth verses from a quiet minde doe flow:
My rimes are overcast with suddaine woe.
Verses require much leasure and sweete ease,
But I am tost by winds, and angry Seas.
Verses were never made in feare, while I
Doe looke each minute by the sword to dye.
So that an equall judge may well approve
These lines of mine, and reade them with much love.

Had *Homer* beene distrell'd so many wayes;
 It would his sharpe discerning wit amaze.
 Then booke be carelesse of all idle fame;
 For to displease thy reader, is no shame,
 Since fortune hath not so kind to me beene,
 That thou their idle praise shouldst so esteeme:
 When I was happy, I did cover fame,
 And had a great desire to get a name.
 But now both verse and study I doe hate,
 Since they have brought me to this banisht state.
 Yet goe my booke, thee in my place I assigne,
 And would to God I could not call thee mine.
 Though as a stranger thou dost come to Rome,
 Thou canst not to the people come unknowne:
 Hadst thou no title, yet thy fable hew,
 If thou deny me, will thy author shew.
 Yet enter secretly, least some disdaine
 My verse, which is not now esteem'd by fame.
 And if by chance some when they heare me nam'd,
 Doe cast thee by out of their scornfull hand,
 Tell them that I doe teach no rules of love,
 That worke was long since punisht from above:
 Perhaps thou dost imagine thou art sent,
 To *Cæsars* Court, which is not my intent:
 Aspire not thou unto those seates divine,
 From whence the Thunder did on me decline.
 Though once the Gods more favourable were,
 Yet now their just deserved wrath I feare.
 The fearefull Dove once stricke, still after springs,
 When she doth heare the Haukes large spreading wings:
 And from the fold the Lambe dare uer stray,
 That from the Wolfe hath gotten once away:
 Nor would young *Phaethon* desire to drive
 His fathers Steeds, if he were now alive.

Tristium.

So having left great Ioves devouring flame;
I am afraid I should be stricke againe.
He that was in the Grecian fleet before,
Will bend his sailes from the Eubœan shoare;
And so my weather beaten barke doth shunne
That place from whence the furious storme begun.
Therefore be wisely circumspect, take heede,
It is enough if thee the people reade,
While Icarus flew too high with waxen plumes
The Icarian seas from him their name assumes,
Yet it is hard to counsell in this action,
Since time and place will give thee best direction.
For if thou see that Cæsars wrath be spent,
And that his anger is to mildnesse bent:
Or if some Courtier thee to Cæsar show,
And speake to him in thy behalfe, then goe,
With lucky starres, and bring me some releefe,
To lighten this my heavy waight of grieve.
For he by whom I did these wounds obtaine
Can like Achilles speare cure them againe.
But take heede least thou doe disfavour finde,
My hopes are small and feares perplex my minde:
Lest I another punishment obtaine,
If thou doe move his new-calmd wrath againe,
But when into my study thou doest get,
And there upon the little shelves art set,
There thou shalt see thy other brothers stand,
Brought all to life by one life-giving hand.
The rest are by their paper titles knowne,
Whose written names are on their forehead showne.
Three other Bookes thou shalt likewise discern,
Teaching loves Art which every one can learne:
But shun them, and if thou hast so much breath,
Tell them that *Oedipus* was his fathers death,

And

And if thy parents words have power to move,
Love none of these although they teach to love.
Fifteene volumes of changed shapes there lies,
Which were of late snatcht from my obsequies :
Bid them among their changed shapes relate,
The sad change of my fortune and estate ;
For she's unlike to what she was before,
Once happy, now my fate I must deplore.
I have more precepts to give thee in charge,
But that my words thy staying would enlarge ?
And should'st thou carry all my thoughts with thee,
A burthen to thy bearer thou would'st be.
'Tis farre, make haste, while here I live alone,
Within a land farre distant from my home.

*While feare of Shipwracke all amaze,
He to the Gods devoutly prayes :
Describes the tempest and his feare,
At last the Gods his prayers heare.*

ELEGIE II.

YE Gods of Seas (for what remains but prayer)
Be pleas'd at last our beaten backe to spare,
Be not offended all for Cæsars sake,
One God enrag'd, some other pittie take.
Mars hated Troy, Apollo did defend
The Trojans, and faire Venus was their friend ;
And though that Iuno Turnus did respect,
Yet Venus did Æneas still protect.
Though Neptune still Ulysses ruine sought,
Yet him Minerva unto harbour brought :
And though to them we farre inferiour be ;
One God displeased, some power may pleased be,
But yet alas it is in yaine to speake,